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ETHIOPIA -- SUDAN SPECIAL

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HIGH NOON IN THE VALLEY
A PAYING INVESTMENT
THE MUSTARD SEED

Morning on the Hills

LIVING NEAR YOUR RULER

By Mrs. J. S. Maxwell, Sayo, Ethiopia.

IN a delightful vacation with fellow missionaries at Gorei one of the interesting experiences was that of living within sight of their Governor's house. The mission homes are on the side of the mountain, but the Governor's house is right up on the peak, and from day to day we had glimpses into the life of an Ethiopian ruler. We were told by the British Consul there that this Governor had said in a rather public meeting that Dr. Dougherty is a God-fearing man and that he intended to have him for his private physician, and from the number of times that the Doctor had to climb to the top of the mountain to try to repair the damage done by a life of overloading his stomach and filling his body with alcoholic drink, he must indeed consider the Doctor his private physician. One morning it was necessary for him to go to the Hospital to have some dental work done, and though it was only a short distance he came riding down the mountain on his mule and walking with him were about 150 men.

Another morning very early we heard trumpets being blown near his house. For a long time the blowing continued and for at least two hours all the men of the community were

gathering at the Governor's house. We were told that he wanted the grass cut on all his premises and one of his grain fields needed to be harvested, and he just called his subjects in to do it for him. If it is true that you love those for whom you do some service, these people must love their Governor very much, for all his work is done in this way.

It is very refreshing to see the friendly relations between the Governor's household and the Mission. When Mr. West wrote to the Governor and asked if he might bring his Sayo missionary men friends to call on him, he was invited to come very soon. When little Patsy Irene came to make her home with the Dougherty's, the Governor's wife didn't send her a layette but she did send two sheep. The Mission and its guests enjoyed the sheep and thanked Patsy for them, and a few days later Patsy's nurse, Miss Bayne, was calling on Her Ladyship and told her that the baby had eaten both sheep. She enjoyed the joke. At other times she sent special food to the new mother.

Then one afternoon all the ladies were invited to call on this lady of High Office. We were met at the gate by her son, who was educated abroad. He is a very fine looking boy, and though he is a little too diffident, Westerners are attracted to him by his quiet, polished manner.

MISSIONARIES IN ETHIOPIA UNDER THE W. G. M. S.
Left to right. Misses White, McKibben; Mrs. Bancroft; Misses Blair, Anderson, Bayne; Mrs. Walker and Miss Kiemele.

He was our interpreter for the afternoon, and he ushered us into the presence of his mother, to whom each of us was presented. She was a very friendly woman and talked much of the time about what could be done for the girls of Ethiopia, and she showed much appreciation of what Mrs. Ruth Walker is trying to do.

On Thanksgiving afternoon Miss Bayne took the Mission children for a walk. They went up to see an

MISS DORA B. ARVESON
Who recently joined the staff at George Memorial Hospital, Addis Ababa.

ostrich which the Governor has, and the son saw them there and came to talk with them. When they had watched this large bird for some time, he told them he would like to take them to see another ostrich, and he took them into his mother's reception room where a table was set for tea and the "ostrich" was a cake. His mother was there and the children were very timid in her presence but she won their hearts by giving them cake and flowers.

These Gorei missionaries spend the bulk of their time with the common people, but they find time to befriend those in authority also, and so they get the little personal blessings that attend such thoughtfulness. Are we living near our Great Ruler and receiving the individual blessings He has for us, or are we just drifting along in our own selfish way and receiving only the general blessings that fall on "just and the unjust" alike?

GOD'S TWO BELTS

By Miss Elizabeth McKibben, R. N., Sayo, Ethiopia.

SABAT Wakayo" or "God's Belt" is the name the Ethiopians give to the rainbow as they see it shining in the sky. The first time I ever beheld two complete rainbows in the sky at the same time, was in Ethiopia. All who have witnessed this sight know how beautiful it is. As these bows stretch from one horizon to the other, they shine upon many villages. Most of the people in these villages sit in darkness awaiting the coming of the Great Light. They live according to the customs of their fathers. They know the name of God, but what meaning has it for them when they carry chickens to a mountain either far or near as an offering to it; or else take the same offering to a river to worship it? Just a few weeks ago on a hill opposite our mission site, we heard singing and saw the people dancing. We were told that they had made a big feast and had brought some of the food to the big tree. Now they were worshipping the great tree and would continue to dance and sing most of the night. Yes, they worship these things made by God, but they neglect the One who made all things.

They continue to carry out the customs of their fathers. They do not send their girls to school. Why should a woman learn? Their mothers never did. Sometimes they send their boys to the priests' school, but they

are not taught the things that we think necessary to be taught in a school. They learn to read the Geez, the dead language of the country, the language of the church.

When they are sick, some of them take a gift and go to the witch doctor, but his help is mostly vain. Others go to the wise man of the village and he burns the part of the body that is sick; not with big burns, little ones, but plenty of them. Sometimes he takes a needle or piece of iron or a knife and using it either cold or red hot, puts it into the sore or abscess whichever it happens to be. At present we have a patient in the hospital who had an abscess on the calf of his leg. A red hot needle was stuck into it. A few days later a part of the muscle came through the opening that was made and later more of the muscle appeared. After five months his friends brought him to our hospital on a home-made stretcher of bamboo and bark, carrying him seven hours.

The men and women, the boys and the girls, the blind, the lame and those who are sick still sit in their villages waiting. These same people see the rainbow or "God's Belt" in the sky. They fear it because they believe, as their fathers did, that the rainbow brings sickness. Little babies as well as older people have come to our clinic for medicine for "Rainbow Sickness". To them the rainbow is neither a blessing nor a promise, but something to fear. They do not know the story of the flood nor the other Bible stories that we learned while we were young, nor do they know of God's great love for them and for all the people of the world, nor about Christ's death on the cross that they might have eternal life.

The two complete rainbows are not seen often, but when they are I like to think of the second one in connection with God's promise about the Ethiopians stretching out their hands to God. I like to think that in these villages as the rainbow shines upon them, they will not fear it, but see the beauty of God and the wonder in that promise as they stretch forth their hands to Him in prayer, praise and thanksgiving. When the rainbow appears we know that it has rained some place and the rain was necessary in making the bow to shine. So also is it necessary for Christ to reign in the hearts of these people before that promise can be fulfilled.

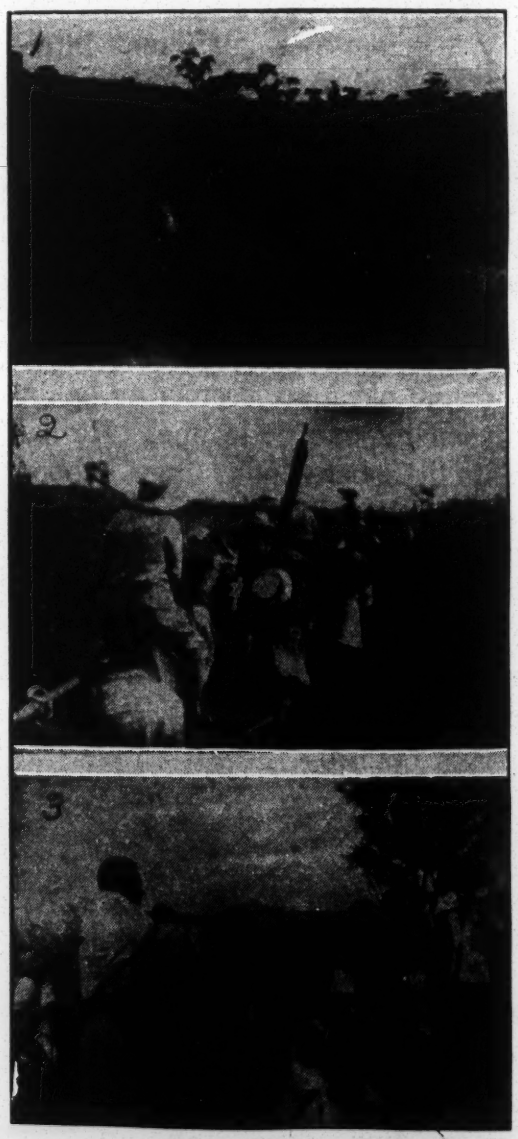
There are a few places in Ethiopia, where people are learning of Christ and His love for them, but what about these other villages where the rainbow shines down upon them, but they still sit in darkness? As the rainbows stretch across the sky, may the people of Ethiopia soon stretch forth their hands to God. Have we done our part in making this promise come true?

The restless millions wait the light
Whose coming maketh all things new;
Christ also waits, but men are slow and late
Have we done what we could? Have I?
Have you?

ALONG THE WAY

By Mrs. M. K. Buchanan, Sayo, Ethiopia.

THE "long way round" isn't always the shortest way but it is often the best way out in Ethiopia. Such was a trip to Gorei from Sayo this Fall. Because of the tsetse fly, the short way to Gorei a distance of about 75 miles is almost prohibitive. At least if one tries to be careful for the mules tsetse districts are avoided. The short way to Gorei takes five days, but the long way, about 180 miles, is covered in 11 to 12 trekking days! That's true, for we have just accomplished the feat—but not without feet! How wonderful Gorei did look to us who had been jogging along on mules for 11 days to reach this spot. The missionaries and their homes not only looked but were wonderful to us the whole time we were in Gorei.



ON TREK—SAYO TO GOREI

1. Line of March, Distant View; 2. Close up View; 3 Baby Mary Henry in her trekking carriage. Miss Kiemele's dog in foreground.

Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

Did you ever count the streams you cross as you ride along in your cars? Try it sometime. You may be as surprised as we were, for we actually crossed 102 different streams or waterways. True, some were very small, but a few were grand roaring rivers. The "Gaba" especially, was a beautiful water way with rocky banks. It was hard to take our eyes away from this river, but still harder to pull ourselves away from the glistening falls which surprised our eyes just as we had climbed up a few turns away from the river. Being on mule back helped us to enjoy for a long while this bit of God's handiwork and many others as well. For when riding by in a car one cannot feast on the beauties of nature at all.

It is true that we longed more than once for a car or a tourist camp where we might rest at the end of our mornings' journeys. But all along the way there were advantages. The exquisite wild flowers just grew like weeds without the least bit of care from any man's hand. Big trees gave us cooling shade from the hot sun. Even the clouds were helping us on our way for they, too, gave us shade

in addition to gorgeous beauty at sunset. Early in the mornings a beautiful foamy mist covered the valleys. Sometimes this looked like a vast lake, then again like an angry sea. All would disappear when the sun came out to melt it away.

It's true that the paths were only a foot wide in some places. But this helped us to come in closer contact with the people. Any man, woman, or child passing along the way would stand still while the caravan moved on. How their faces brightened up when they were greeted. To think that these foreigners could and would speak to them in a friendly way! How they would smile! How they loved the white children! Many a time the women would ask if we were their parents. Doubtless it was the first time these people had seen white children. The Ethiopian babies and children are dear too. But how their fond mothers do fear the evil eye. One time a mother said to us: "May the Lord let your child grow up." We thought that was very kind. Later we discovered that this person was using this greeting as a kind of a curse to keep the evil eye off her own children.

About eventide we would ask to buy fresh milk for the children. We rather insisted that the person who milked the cow use our vessel as a milking bucket. Sometimes there were no objections, then again this favor as well as the milk was refused. For the suspicious feared that after letting the foreigners take some of the milk their cow would never again give milk. In that case the campers had to resort to Klim of which the children were not very fond.

For several days our way was up and down hills. The Ethiopians have well-developed muscles in the calves of their legs from climbing these many hills. Even so, they appreciate our saying to them: "Ashema, ashema" which means: "Strength to you". It seems to make the path less steep when such a greeting is cheerily given, for they often reply with a smile: "Strength to you, I say." With the exchange of greetings the brief conversation ended for our new-made friends would pass on along their way. Sometimes sufficient interest was aroused to ask: "How are you? Where did you come from? Where are you going? Are these your children?" Then amazement registered all over their faces. While camping one evening a few officials came to call. One of these men "made quite a fuss" over the children. But another, an old man, seemed to be quite amused by our little one. He said: "This little baby looks like a baboon!" One of his soldiers answered quickly: "Our babies must look like baboons to them!" Then all joined in the laugh. It is surely true that children are loved the world over. How many doors of opportunity are thrown open by the little folks! Just how many we never know. Surely their little lives have pointed out The Way to more than one who walked the ways of this world.

Many a big tree resembling the sycamore trees of Bible times, was passed. One time an unusually large "kiltu" or sycamore tree was passed. Several men were standing at the edge of our path near this tree. The boys asked the village men whether the branches of this sycamore might

be used for fire-wood. "Oh, no" was the answer, "Satan is in that tree. We would be afraid to cut it or to even go near it." Someone asked: "Why don't you trust God instead of fearing the devil?" One of the villagers called back: "Is that so?" in a tone that inferred that their fear of the devil was so great that they could not believe that God was able to help them.

How many, many have that fear of the evil eye and of the devil so great in their hearts that it is hard to understand the Way of Life! How happy was almost everyone to hear us greet them as we wound along the paths of this country!

How much happier these same lost children of the Father would be had they the same opportunities as we. Why shouldn't they find the Way to Him? Won't you help us as we seek to help them all along Life's Way?

RUNNING AWAY

By Miss Isabel Blair, R. N., Sayo, Ethiopia.

RUNNING away seems to be one of the many Ethiopian ways of avoiding punishment. Last week while teaching school, I heard a terrific scream. I looked out and saw a five year old girl running down the path as though pursued, although there was no one following. Next day I learned she had refused to do something that her father, Ordoofa, had told her to do and he had reached for her to punish her and she ran. Being lame he could not catch her, but she ran about a block and yelled just the same.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, SAYO, ETHIOPIA

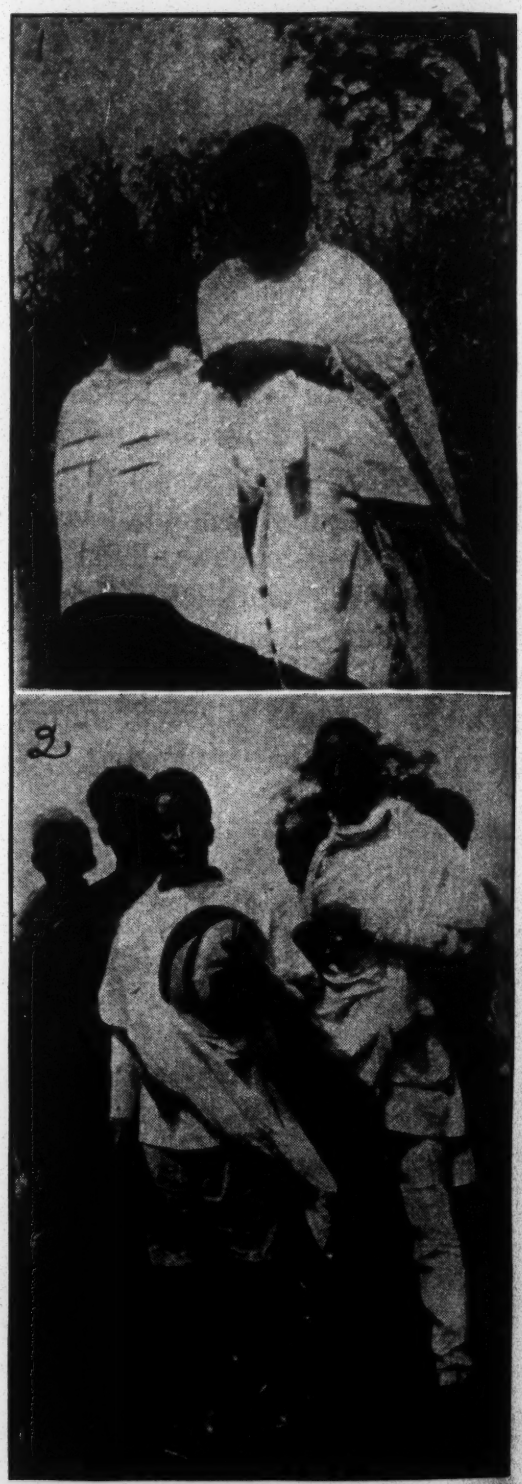
Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

A similar incident occurred when the little boy of the matron of the girls' school ran from her when she was punishing him. That time the people to whom he ran brought him to me, thinking no doubt, that I would plead for mercy. Instead of pleading mercy, I gave him a good punishment, a hard scolding and told him all I would do if he ran from his mother again. Then we set him in a corner of the chicken coop to meditate on his sins. As far as I know he has not run from his mother since.

Then there have been any number of school girls who have run away for one reason or another; breaking a clay pot, or leaving peppers out in the rain or because of being punished or to go home to get some liquor to drink. Some girls ran away three or four times, but instead of being reproved and hurried back, were petted or neglected by their parents, till they wished to return. On return they have had various punishments; the

paddle, bread and water diet, sleeping on the floor, rest in bed, wearing old dirty clothes to school, etc. Nothing seems to help. I have punished and have tried being hurt and sorry and we have told them the danger of being stolen and we have refused to take some back, but still another girl ran away last week.

This girl, Dinsei, is an orphan with a younger brother, the only near relative. She worked for some Greeks for several years for food and clothes and one day came here asking to be taken into the boarding school. She thought she would be better off here than at the Greeks, as here she would get her schooling as well as food and clothes for her work. We took her in. She is about fourteen and has a large goiter for which she has had medicine and which is much smaller than when she came. At times she acts like a small child playing in the ashes or mud, but usually she is a good quiet worker and a big help. Dinsei, with no home, no relatives, no friends and no place to go, has run away three times, and stayed out in the fields; later coming back hungry, dirty and sorry. Last week she took some bread, butter and dirt and made some sort of mixture to play with. One of the older girls reproved her and then, child-like, they all told what she would get when the matron returned, so she got frightened and ran away. This time she stayed out in the fields hiding for two days and three nights with only an old muslin dress for protection. Sabbath morning, the matron asked two of the school boys to climb a tree nearby and watch to see if she wouldn't come for something to eat while we were all in church. Very soon she came up and started to eat some green peas and they caught her. At first she refused to come back, but



SCHOOL GIRLS

1. The larger girl Zowdita. 2. Ethiopian Man: One at right wanted to marry Zowdita.

Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

they brought her by force. They probably thought it all a lark and I am sure they treated her more roughly than we would have done. Dinsei is wise enough not to leave our big hill when she runs away, for she would surely be caught by some evil person and at least be forced to do hard work. This time I told her since she doesn't care for a bed nor food, she must sleep on the dirt floor and eat only bread for awhile. I would send her home, but she has absolutely no place to go.

Not only do children run away, but women run from their husbands. It is a custom, if a woman has done wrong or has been disobedient, for her husband to beat her. She dare not say, "Please don't", "You are hurting me", or "Why do you beat me", or "What have I done?" She takes it all quietly even though her husband may be much smaller than she. So if there has been an argument or she has done something she shouldn't and if she is clever, she keeps the door open and does her work near it; then if he starts to grab her to beat her, she can run to a neighbor's for help.

Some mothers even run away from their children. One woman in the village whose husband was away, left her three year old daughter and ran back to her old home to another husband. Now a neighbor has taken the child and is caring for her. Although she has both parents living, she is practically an orphan, as neither seems to care for her nor comes to inquire about her. Another village woman left her year old baby for a neighbor to care for and hasn't been back for five months. This neighbor woman also left the baby and ran away and a kind hearted Amhara woman has taken it in as her own.

At times I think the biggest lesson Ethiopia has to learn is Obedience.

NOTES FROM A NURSE'S DIARY GEORGE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

By Agnes Willoughby Bancroft, R. N., Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.

AT 5:40 a.m. I am awakened by the kitchen boys singing, "It is going to rain, rain, good rain, rain, good, good, etc." I lie over, put one ear against the pillow, stick my finger in the other ear and doze until 5:55. The chickens in the tree outside my window are making a fuss about day, and opening one lazy eye, I peep out at them and at the blue smoke curling from the kitchen chimney. The sun is sifting through the eucalyptus trees and cutting the chilly air with its long pale beams. Although I draw my five blankets under my chin, I know that I must arise as we have no night nurse and it is my turn to get up early this week. With my teeth chattering, I wash in the chilly water and dress. I take my keys, scissors, pen and book in which I write new Amharic words, divide the weight equally between my two pockets and go forth into the beautiful morning.

At 6:10 I arrive at the hospital.

At the gate there are about 20 people who have heard that their friend

has died in our hospital and they have come to carry him to the burial ground. They are weeping and moaning, as only these natives can; the women have bared themselves to the waist and leaping in the air, beat on their chests and utter blood-curdling cries. As the mourners make so much noise, only four of the nearest relatives of the deceased are permitted to enter the hospital to carry out the body.

I am met on the steps by the doorman who says, "The man who was shot, died during the night and the man he speared is now being carried into the morgue. He has no friends, will you give me muslin with which to wrap him and two thalers (40 cents U. S.) that I may call carriers to bury him." And soon the body, "unwept, unhonored and unsung" is on its way to the burial grounds, wrapped in muslin and swung in a canvas stretcher.

I "make rounds" in the wards and private rooms, then go for a moment out on the second-floor veranda to drink in the beauty of the morning. I like to see the birds flit here and there; to watch the cattle passing down the road, followed by the singing owners. But, best of all, I like to watch, through a little slit in the eucalyptus forest, the far-off mountains, faintly showing, bathed in sunlight, covered with mist almost to their summits, very quickly changing from silver, to pink, from pink to orchid, from orchid to blue. The change is quick, but while the mountains, which rise peak upon peak are pink, they are the most exquisite and delicate daintiness I have ever imagined.

Morning prayer with the hospital servants is followed by the giving out of supplies and doing numerous other things.

Breakfast 7:30 a.m.

I return to the hospital. The patients are already out of bed, sitting on the side porch or on the grass, wrapped in sheets which belong to their beds. One or two are reading the Bible aloud and in a monotonous voice (as do all Ethiopians when they read); one of the help is washing basins in the open and chanting in a falsetto voice.

I find many sick lying around the door of the hospital awaiting admission. One of the boys sweeps the porch and steps with his no-handled broom, the dust is flying over and between the group of compound workmen—a dirty and smelly lot—through which I must pick my way.

I arrived in the kitchen and put five thalers ($1.00 U.S.) in the black hand of the old man who buys the *Injera* (native bread), loan him a cheap raincoat, of which he is very proud, and off he goes to buy. I then try to get the market boy ready, during which time I am interrupted many times. (Examples of interruptions: A patient wants me; one needs clean linen; one of the kitchen force wants sugar; another, soap; two of our boys are quarreling; there is a "Big Man" who wants the doctor NOW; who is going to do the work of one of the servants who took Kosso—tapeworm medicine, which is taken by the natives several times a year; there are no sheets—they did not dry yesterday; there are two rubber sheets missing; one of the boys has knocked over 8 cents worth of milk

which a poor, dirty milkwoman brought; the rain is coming through on the grain; there are only three kerosene stoves, one was broken during the night.)

I get the milk and eggs ready for the two children, for if I left it to the servant, she would boil the eggs with the milk. (She did the day before, for she said, "If I boil the milk and put the eggs in afterward, what difference does it make when I put in the eggs".)

In the ward I find that some of the patients have not had their medicine, so I hunt the girl who is there for the purpose of giving medicine and tell her the importance of the patients having it. The "Big Man" says he has not had clean linen and must have clean linen every day, because he pays twenty thalers ($4.00 U. S.) a week. I explain to him that it was given him yesterday and he cannot have it today, but he swears by the Emperor that he knows nothing about it. When I think of the dirty native bed without sheets from which he came, it provokes me.

I return to the kitchen to get the boys started on dinner and find there about five servants of the "big man" and "big woman" who are patients. They are asking for more breakfast for their master and mistress. In truth, the patients pretend they want more food, so they can give it to their servants. I find one servant eating in the kitchen. The kitchen boys are afraid of the "big man" and try to urge me to give it to him. As I try to be tactful with them both, I see one of our boys wiping his face with our dishtowel and another washing the sink with a napkin, while another is wiping the lettuce with his dirty apron.

The milkwomen begin to come in (We handle 89 bottles a day). We measure, strain and boil the milk, for it is dirty and often we find in it insects, wood splinters, straw, etc. The milkwomen love to argue and although I give them beans or sticks with which to count, there is much talk every day about how many bottles they brought the day before.

Little Desta (name means "joy), a boy the hospital is raising, follows at my heels everywhere I go, keeping his eye on the storeroom, for it means when I go in there he will be given sugar. Every boy or man passing him, pulls his little forelock or teases him in some way, and he lets out such savage shrieks, I finally send him out in the open until I have time to give him the sugar.

Little Settota is crying. Settoto came to us with terrible burns, and as he was here for many months, his master afraid the bill would be too big, does not claim him. So the little slave is set free, but we must raise him. I inquire why his little heart seems to be breaking and find someone has come to visit Deseta and has given him sugar. "But", I say, "Deseta has given you some of his sugar." He replies, "I am not crying because I have no sugar, but because I have no friends to visit me like Deseta has". (Deseta's mother is one of our hospital servants.)

1:00 p.m. dinner is served. (The nurses eat in the hospital.)

After dinner, I admit two malarial patients who, between chills, have dragged themselves here from the station three miles away. I count the

soiled linen, then the clean linen and follow it to the three wards and lock it in the closets. I buy vegetables and chickens, after much bargaining, from vegetable men, and go off duty for Tea and for two hours' rest.

6:00 p.m. I return to the hospital and make "rounds" with the doctor, "run" a "sugar" and an "albumin", and take three bloods for Relapsing Fever.

On examining the things made for supper, I find the lemon juice has been mixed with the soup; that the steak has been fried in deep oil and was finished at 6:00 p.m. (supper is at 7); that the new peas were mixed with fried onions; that the potatoes were fried instead of mashed.

And then a miracle happened!

I found the cook placidly stirring something on the stove. Beside the pot, sat the gasoline lamp on the hot lid of the stove. I gasped, grabbed the lamp, thinking at any moment it would explode; and hurriedly set it on the outside windowsill. I asked hurriedly, and not a little agitatedly, "Why did you put the lamp on the stove? Don't you know it will explode?"

"I couldn't see what I was making", he answered calmly, "you see it did not explode". And he smiled at me complacently.

A NURSE'S PRAYER

I dedicate myself to thee,
O Lord, my God! This work I undertake
Alone in Thy great name, and for Thy sake.
In ministering to suffering I would learn
The sympathy that in Thy heart did burn
For those who on life's weary way
Unto disease divers are a prey.
Take, then, mine eyes, and teach them to perceive
The ablest way each sick one to relieve.
Guide Thou my hands, that e'en their touch may prove
The gentleness and aptness born of love.
Bless Thou my feet, and while they softly tread
May faces smile on many a sufferer's bed.
Touch Thou my lips, guide Thou my tongue,
Give me a word in season for each one.
Clothe me with patient strength all tasks to bear,
Crown me with hope and love, which know no fear,
And faith that, coming face to face with death,
Shall e'en inspire with joy the dying breath.
And through the arduous day my actions guide,
And through the lonely night watch by my side.
So I shall wake refreshed, with strength to pray:
"Work in me, through me, with me, Lord, this day!"

—Selected.

High Noon in the Valley

SOME PROBLEMS TO BE MET IN OUR GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL

By Miss Elsie E. Grove, Khartoum North, The Sudan.

THE feeling that our educational program in the Sudan has been falling far short of meeting the real needs of the people has grown and strengthened through the years until it has become a conviction that the program must be definitely changed to meet the need.

With this in view an attempt is made in this paper to go into some of the problems which confront us in the work, and if possible make some analysis of them.

1. Class and Race Differentiation:

The presence of girls from all stations in life as well as from all conditions and classes presents a problem of some difficulty. Through the ages the Negro has been classed in the servant and slave classes, and treated as such by other races. When our mission began work in the Sudan—the land of the blacks, for *Sudan* comes from an Arabic word meaning black—it was begun with the determination that this race distinction should have no place in our program; if preference had to be given any place it was only right that the black man should have it in his own country.

In order that all of the girls should get some training in home craft, arrangement was made in the program that so much of the routine work of the school as was possible should be done by the girls in the boarding department.

No distinction was made between the girls who were paying fees, those paying part of the fees, and those paying nothing, in either dormitory, dining room or class room; they sleep in the same dormitory, eat in the one dining room, and play on the one playground.

2. Pauperization:

This very procedure presents another problem which has been on the minds of some for some time past, but the satisfactory solution has not yet been reached. The Sudanese girls, in general, come from homes that are less able to pay for what they are getting than do many of the others. Many of them are free pupils and so being trained in dependency. Should they be required to do the work of the school and be paid for it, and then pay at least a part of their fees into the school? On the other hand, however, is the problem of race and class prejudice—the Sudanese girls doing the work which ordinarily falls to the servant class, and so continuing class feelings and attitudes, if not actually adding fuel to the fire.

Would it be possible with what has already been done in training them in the school to change now and have the work done by the free girls? This might be done, perhaps, were there not new girls continually coming in, and this prejudice is far from being a dead issue outside of the school.

Might not such strong attitudes be developed in the school against this prejudice that new pupils coming in

would have little influence in the matter if the change should be made? If the program accomplished this, would it be sufficient? Is there no obligation toward the community at large? Is there some method by which both can be accomplished without danger to either? The program should attempt the successful solution of both. But in solving them we dare not forget another problem—as soon as our boys and girls receive a bit of education, in other words, have learned to read and write, they are above laboring with their hands and the boys must have the white-collar jobs, and the girls must have a servant to do their work when they get into homes of their own. If the girls whose people pay for them are excused from the work of the school it only tends to make our problem a bigger one unless we are exceedingly careful. So complex is the situation that when we think we have solved one problem we have unwittingly created a new one or strengthened another old one.

3. Westernization:

Lord Selbourne, in his famous speech at Cape Town, said that the education of the black man begins the moment he comes into industrial relations for the first time with the white man. The writer would not attempt to substantiate this statement, but certainly a new kind of education begins for him, and if that white man be a Westerner, without doubt Westernization begins.

Where the impact of western civilization is as great as it is in the Sudan it is a tremendous problem to keep from educating the people away from the life they will have to live. There are so many of those to whose advantage it is to have them take on Western ways and Western dress that it becomes extremely difficult for those who would help them conserve the best in their own civilization. You attempt to restrain them from taking over our ways wholesale and you are not their friend; you are attempting to hold them back and keep them in the place of a servant; or you feel that you are superior to them and do not want them to approach your level.

Westernization will go on, it is inevitable, it cannot be stopped now, do what we will. What then is our task? What program can be formulated that will conserve the good they already have, and then build on that taking only so much from the best of our civilization as is needed to build the civilization best suited to the country and the people? What is needed in the program to make them discriminating and discerning, able to choose the good and reject the bad, the useless? How can the makers of the program know what is best for them?

4. Rapid Change:

This leads naturally into another problem. Our educational program should prepare them for rapid change but should not force it upon them. Take for example the seclusion of women: It seems but yesterday that we were constantly hearing in answer to our oft repeated question in regard to a girl of ten or twelve who had been taken out of school, "Oh, she has grown up, she can no longer be seen on the streets by men." A few years ago the writer attended a Christian wedding; the young husband was be-

ing exhorted at some length to love his wife. Sitting immediately behind, were three or four boys in their later teen age. During this lengthy exhortation the remarks which came from behind were exceedingly illuminating; in short it was a protest in no uncertain terms against the custom of not being allowed to see their wives until the time of the ceremony. The custom is fast giving way before or because of western civilization and education. Girls are even now taking their places in the commercial world as clerks, telephone girls, shop girls, etc. There are those living under circumstances which compel them to get out and make their own living. What are they to do? A salary much less than that paid to a man or boy looks good to them and suits the employer and the bargain is soon made. Are they ready for it? How can they be when they have been brought up secluded from all men except their own immediate family, and then suddenly all bars are thrown down, all restrictions removed, and they are out in the world of men who are just as unprepared for it? How long will it be until the young people will be demanding social affairs in which they can intermingle? Are we to wait until they see their need themselves and ask for it? Will they see any need for it when it is a question which so vitally concerns their religion? Is it possible to build up right attitudes in the boys and girls and thus prepare for it? Can there be a healthy community life until they do intermingle socially? Seeing the need and seeing the dangers can we in our Christian program do anything less than prepare for it? If this preparation is to be given how can it best be done? Will co-education accomplish this? Is it possible in a Mohammedan country? These are some of the many questions which come up in consideration of this problem.

5. Seclusion of Women:

This problem has been mentioned in connection with some of the other problems and is closely related to them, and is one of great importance in our educational program. We are met with this difficulty on all sides in the work for women and girls. The prevailing religion of the country im-

GROUP OF GIRLS, GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, KHARTOUM NORTH, THE SUDAN

poses this seclusion upon women. So strong is the influence of this custom that it carries over into Christianity. The Coptic Christian women must on no account, appear in the presence of men callers in the home. When calling in the homes you rap on the door or clap your hands, one or the other, but before the door is opened for you to enter, from somewhere within some voice calls out "Who?" and you must make some reply. Now while we might conceive of more than one reason for this, yet the fact that you need not give any name in answer is significant. The sound of the voice in answering "It is I", or "Open the door", is sufficient to reveal whether it is a man or woman.

Mohammedan women do not appear at the mosque; if they pray at all they pray in private. In both the Coptic Christian and the Protestant Christian churches there must be a curtain separating the men and women so that the only man who can see the women is the preacher in the pulpit. The congregation in Khartum North does not have a church building of its own and so worships in the chapel of our Girls' School; some of the men insisted that there should be a curtain in our chapel so that the other men worshipping there might not see their wives. This of course was not possible, so the men sit on one side, the women on the other and the babies trot back and forth between. It is a common sight to see these women with their head covering held out so as to conceal their faces from the men.

On the street the Moslem women, of course, have their faces covered with the veil or else use their head covering to cover the face. The Christians usually are not veiled, but they draw their head covering over their faces when men appear. Can there be healthy community life under such conditions? Oh yes, it is changing, and it will change, but how rapidly will the change take place? Will it come through legislation and suddenly as in Turkey, or will it be a gradual change? What should be the attitude in the formulation of the program? Should their customs and traditions be respected, or should we, remembering the One we represent strive for His ideals in community life? Is it incompatible with Christ's teachings and life to endeavor to bring about the change? What should be incorporated in our Christian program?

6. Position of Womanhood in the Home:

Closely allied with the last problem is that of the position of the woman and girl in the home. In Mohammedan countries the female in the home is an inferior being, the chattel of the man, to all practical intents and purposes she is his slave, subject to every wish or whim; he is her liege lord before whom she grovels. So precarious is her position that she is constantly in fear of displeasing him and being sent out into the world. The father's lack of love and respect for the wife and mother carries over into the lives of the children, and they treat her in like manner. Many is the mother who has come with the plea that we should make her children obey her in the home saying, "I just can't do anything with them," and little wonder. No standing for women before the law, in their mosques,

or in the home has all reacted upon woman herself and given her a very decided inferiority complex. What can be done for her, and what is the best way of doing it?

7. Service:

The problem of Christian service is one that has given much concern for some time. What is the value of an education that is used only for personal advantage, and education that tends to selfishness? What is the value of an education that does not send the educated back to serve their community? But those of our girls who have become Christians and been baptized are not really safe in their homes for a time after they have been baptized. They cannot then do any witnessing at the very time when their power for witnessing would be the greatest, except as they have witnessed by the taking of the stand. And as for her witness in the community, since her going about where seen of men is taboo, there is very little that she can do toward helping the community. Has the education been Christian that does not send the educated back to serve others? Is not the word "others" one of the key words of Christianity? Such being the case, and the customs and taboos being as they are what can the educational program do to help? Many other questions equally perplexing might be asked, but these will suffice.

8. Trained Workers and Source Materials:

No less important is the problem of trained workers and source materials. Trained workers are needed who have working acquaintance with up-to-date methods of education; who have studied educational methods not only in our own land but in others as well; those who can with clear insight choose the best from various experiments now being tried out in other fields and apply them to the problems in the Sudan. Specialists in different lines of work are needed.

What bearing does all of this have upon our program? If the nationals can worship God more sincerely with their own native tunes why should they be expected to use strange unfamiliar tunes which cannot but interfere with their worship? Have the Negro Spirituals nothing to contribute to our worship services?

"The program of education which the Christian forces carry out must aim to teach the individual how to play his part in the community as a citizen and as an economic factor no less than as a church member. The church in the mission field cannot be put on a self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating basis unless Christians are able to support themselves. The Christian congregations which the mission boards seek to establish must be made up of individual Christians who are self-supporting, economic factors equipped in the essentials of community life. Unless this be true, there is no possibility of creating and developing an indigenous church, able to stand alone and to meet adequately its own responsibilities. The conception of education which the commission sets before us has this as its objective." (Education in Africa by Thomas Jesse Jones, page xxvii.)

Workers are needed who are absolutely convinced that in helping the people to the better care of their physical being, in helping them to a

better understanding of their environment so as to better their economic condition they are just as truly helping to bring in the Kingdom as if they spent their whole time in teaching the Bible. "I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." so said the Great Teacher.

The workers for research work must not only be able to do that work but should be able to put their findings in form to be used for source materials or as part of our program. Our need of source materials is tremendous. In attempting to start a library in the Girls' School it was found that there were around three hundred books only in Arabic deserving of a place in such a library, and much of that would be rejected by up-to-date educators. The girls read English but do not feel enough at home in it to turn readily to it for help.

9. Lop-sidedness in the Work:

One of the most vital problems which concern us at the present time is the lop-sidedr ess between the work for men and boys and that for women and girls. Through the years our educational work for the boys has been hampered by lack of funds so that advancement to any extent was impossible. For years there was no work beyond the primary grades. Boys wanting secondary education as well as higher education had to go elsewhere to get it, usually to the government schools where the influence because of Mohammedanism was anti-Christian, thus they were lost to us. On top of this came cuts in the budget one after the other which necessitated retrenchment; at the present time half of our Boys' Schools have been closed. On the other hand our work for women and girls has gone on and progressed. Some of our girls have become Christians and been baptized; others are Christian at heart but have not the courage to take the step publicly for it will mean for a time at least, that they would be cut off from home and family connections. With Christian young men for them to marry our problem would be quite different. As it is, our Sudanese girls when they become Christians must face going through life single and earning their own living in a land where every girl is supposed to be married before she reaches a certain age. How many girls in this country would face up to a proposition like that? Nor should they have to do it. Then, too, it is an entirely different proposition for a girl to make her own living in the Sudan than it is for one here in America. Is it right for us to ask it of them and then condemn them when they fall? Is that the best Christianity can do for them? Their only other alternative is to marry and go back to Mohammedanism, which cannot but be worse torture for them after knowing something better. Any Christian program at all worthy the name cannot do anything less than the utmost to solve the problem. Further than this, what can we do without Christian homes? They are imperative, and we are failing in our task if we are not getting them. It may be a question in mission policy which is concerned, but our problem is to find out if our program can help to solve it.

A Paying Investment

EVANGELIZATION IN THE SUDAN

By Miss Aulora McIntyre, Omdurman, The Sudan.

IN the impact of Western life on Eastern, two factors are outstanding—civilization and Christianity. The former might include the latter but unfortunately it does not. Many characteristics of western civilization as it exists in the East today have no claim to be termed Christian.

Many material advantages have come via western civilization but not all of them are blessings. A higher standard of living, physically, more health, sanitation, longevity perhaps, but can we say more happiness? The bridal party used to tramp on foot in clouds of dust, following the mounted bridegroom to the river's side, now they go screaming along in dashing automobiles. As I hear the joy cry it sounds just as it did when I attended my first native wedding except that now it is lost in distance more quickly. Some of our pupils whose families have never had a cent for school, now come to our meetings in taxis. From lives of comparative seclusion suddenly they are given the freedom of the most sophisticated westerner. How will they react to this sudden transition from the seclusion of a Moslem hareem to the publicity of a city street? Are not these agencies of western civilization letting loose forces that may get beyond control? However evil or menacing they may be, where is the power to control them?

OUR CONFIDENCE

We know there is only one power in existence that can cope with evil and herein is our hope. The missionary must face all the opposition of fanaticism, ignorance, religious complacency, distrust and racial enmity when he dares to confront the Moslem with an offer of salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ. To this opposition as we see is now added opposing forces of western civilization. If we did not believe our Bible, and if our personal experience of the all-sufficiency of Him whose we are, had not taught us that nothing is impossible in His Name, we should have been defeated before we started. With such a confidence our first missionaries dared to enter the Sudan with the gospel. Everything was against them. But endless patience and sublime faith were in their equipment and now we who have been privileged to become their co-laborers are rejoicing in a freedom and opportunity that they never dreamed of.

RELEASED POWER

It is hard to estimate the power for righteousness that has been released in the Sudan through the thousands of boys and girls from our own and the C. M. S. schools, who have been instructed in the Bible through the years past. Last year 48,000 patients heard the gospel in the C. M. S. Hospital here in Omdurman. In our Girls' Boarding School in Khartum North a force of 14 teachers, all but one claiming the G. B. S. as their Alma Mater, instruct about 350 girls. In Khartum, Khartum North and Omdurman a staff of ten educated teachers, all born in the Sudan, teach between four and five

hundred girls in the homes. These girls are permitted to carry into the seclusion of Moslem hareems the glorious gospel of freedom through Christ. Six evangelists are in scattered districts where at least three of them are the only preachers in the huge areas that make up their parishes.

LIVING WITNESSES

At spiritual life conferences held in this center during the past months, 28 men teachers, missionaries and pastors in one, and 25 women in a similar women's conference, gathered for fellowship and study. If the spirit shown by these workers is any evidence of their confidence of success for the cause of Christianity here among the Moslems, we may all be encouraged. One of our evangelists —himself a Moslem convert—was much impressed when a boy whom he had once taught here in school in Omdurman, got up in the Men's Conference at Geraife and gave a glowing testimony to his faith in Christ, and what had led him to exchange Islam for Christianity. He recalled how he had been going down with drink and a missionary had prayed for him and he had been saved not only from the curse of alcoholism but from eternal death as well. Rev. Bulus related how he had dreaded this boy in school, how very bad he had been, and now he holds a position of trust and responsibility in the school and is letting his light shine.

TRANSFORMED LIVES

A girl in Khartum North, Um-el-Hassan, has been asking for baptism for a long time. Her case has been awaiting the decision of the courts for the last six months, while she is slowly going down with tuberculosis. Recently when after a hemorrhage she thought death was near, she begged to be baptized secretly that she might have the privilege of this testimony to her faith in Christ. Zeinab, a girl whom she had taught before her illness, has definitely declared her faith in Christ and in testimony to it refused to keep the Moslem fast of Ramadan. Fatma Hussein, in Omdurman, has asked for baptism and although her family is very much opposed she is calm in the faith that she will eventually be allowed to confess before men. Meanwhile her neighbors testify that a strange change has come in her. She is not the old Fatma—a fiery temper has given place to mildness and kindness that is hard for them to explain, though they say it is a sign that she has become a Christian.

Abd-el-Maseeh who was baptized about four years ago was working at the Mission. The missionary told his servant to provide a bed and give Abd-el-Maseeh hot water for his tea. This servant did not do it and Abd-el-Maseeh suffered the discomforts for about two weeks without protest. A Moslem who was associated with him said, "Why don't you complain to the missionary?" Abd-el-Maseeh said, "I would have done so had I been a Moslem but being a Christian I could not do it." His Moslem friend was much impressed and I knew that Abd-el-Maseeh had given a better testimony than if he had preached a sermon.

Recently one of our pupils here in Omdurman admitted her acceptance of the truths taught her but added—"Why cannot one believe in the heart when open confession would mean

loss of home, husband and all one holds dear? Cannot God read the heart?" Aisha Fareed is a pupil in Khartum. While taking her lesson one day her teacher noticed that she was more interested in a conversation in the adjoining room than in her lesson. She said, "How can I help being interested for they're talking about me." Then she explained that her family were in conclave over her desire to be a Christian. "What is one to do" she said "when a member of a large family that bitterly opposes such a step? My mother said, 'If you do this thing, you will be no daughter of mine'."

So it isn't strange that there are many, and these may number in the thousands, of those who feel with Amna Rudwan that perhaps it is enough to believe in the heart and not sacrifice all for the gospel. Thus as the missionary goes to his daily task the way sometimes seems long and the road rough—but he finds here and there little flowers of faith blossoming and hears now and then a song of praise so that he is assured that his labor is not in vain in the Lord.

The Mustard Seed

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A MISSIONARY, REPORTING THE GROWING WORK OF THE KINGDOM

By Rev. J. Lowrie Anderson, Omdurman, The Sudan.

IN the absence of Dr. Sowash, Superintendent of Evangelistic Missions in The Sudan his duties have devolved upon me. This work has recently taken me around the "diocese", or a good part of it. Since it is your work, I tear a few pages out of my Diary to pass them on to you.

Tueday, January 12th. At Wad Medani. Every time I come here, I see improvements in the town. This afternoon I walked down along the river bank, the road over-arched with sycamore trees, past the spot where eventually we hope we may be able to build a school, and a church. The church members are saving for the event and already have a considerable sum set aside. One person, I am told, is saving more than half of his meager salary to put it into the building. As he spoke of the time when there would be a real church in Wad Medani, instead of the ugly crowded little chapel, there was a glow of joy in his face.

This afternoon went with Mr. Hirst to the cemetery, and stood with him beside the fresh-made mound where Frances Herron Hirst's body lies. Even beside the grave it does not seem possible that she has gone—she was so young, so full of fun, so used of God in this city. Kipling (I think it is) speaks of the British Empire as being bounded by the grave-stones of her sons who have died on her far-flung battle line. In the name of Christ, because of His servant Frances, whose life and death has consecrated the city for Him, we claim Wad Medani as part of His everlasting kingdom. Something of

that thought entered my prayer of re-dedication at the grave.

This evening at prayer meeting found that all the Christians still feel dazed at their loss. Mrs. Hirst had been a great encouragement to all, and a friend to everyone. The day after the funeral (which was Saturday, a week ago) the women came all dressed in black, and the minister, Boulos Effendi, was so overcome that he broke down many times during the sermon. One Sudanese woman said of Frances, "Yes, she was an American as far as the skin was concerned, but underneath she was all Sudanese." In the excess of their grief they had decided to do away with the organ for a year, because she was not here to play it. Reminding them that in Christ there is no death, only promotion to higher service, I told them that I was sure that Mrs. Hirst would be disappointed if sorrow induced them to do away with the organ. In the midst of sorrow we have joy, and hope, and the organ she had consecrated by her use should be used for the greater glory of God. They decided to use it—for her sake.

January 13*th*. At Makwar. Went with Boulos Effendi, the minister, to the truck stand to see if there were any trucks for Makwar. A noisier place than that truck stand is hard to imagine. In front of their dilapidated vehicles, men stand, shouting out their wares, "Truck to Makwar! Makwar!" "All aboard for Hosh!" "Who's going to Gadaref? Gadaref!" I saw one man, foolish enough to talk to two truck owners at one time, almost get pulled in two as each was trying to convince him that his was the better mode of travel. Finding a truck for Makwar, we made arrangements to travel de luxe (on the plank seat beside the driver instead of huddled into the truck body).

Boulos Effendi, himself a Moslem convert, is very eager to evangelize these people. Every time the truck stopped, which was frequently, he would start a conversation with them, and rarely would the talk end before he had pulled a gospel out of his pocket and read them some of the stories or parables of Jesus.

Arrived here in Makwar about five o'clock. Called on all the Christians —about four families—and invited them to the service. Went out to see the dam—a piece of masonry two miles long. It is what has made possible the reclaiming of half a million acres already from the desert.

At the service there were about ten children all of school age, sons of Christians, none of whom go to school. All the Christians and one or two Moslems attended service. The people are hungry for the church service.

Thursday, January 14*th*. At Makwar. It is now 6:30 p.m. In half an hour we are to start for Singa—*in sha allah* (God willing). Called on the son of the Khalifa (who fought against Kitchener, and who was the ruler of the Sudan before the British and Egyptians conquered it). Found out that he has a son in our school at Omdurman. Have to come to Makwar to discover the sons of notables who are in our school next door! He much preferred our school to others, he said, because we stressed character building.

Could not get a truck during the day-time. This is the month of the

fast, and no one cares to travel during the heat, for Moslems are not allowed to eat or drink until after sundown.

January 15*th.* At Singa. I'm tired, tired, tonight but happy. Arrived here about ten o'clock last night. We called on many people today, Christians and Moslems, and found a ready welcome. In every house we entered we read some Scripture and had prayer. Moslems and Christians alike are needy, and alike seem hungry for the Word.

Singa is the capital of Fung Province—about 230 miles from Omdurman, on the Blue Nile. The main products of the province are Kaffir Corn and Gum Arabic. The former the locusts ate up, and the latter this year brings no price. Most of the gum Arabic goes for candy-filling to America—must be cutting down on candy in the U. S. A!

At the service, held in the yard of an unoccupied house, there were more Moslems than Christians. Had it not been the month of fast many others would have come. It was an inspiring audience to speak to, and the outdoors on a moonlight night makes a wonderful church in the Sudan. I spoke to them on "The Water of Life". After the service sold all the gospels I brought along—must have more faith next time. The Christians want the evangelist to come every month, if possible. They are very hungry for church services. Wish it were not so far, and the travel easier.

Sabbath, January 17*th.* Back in Wad Medani. Was too tired to write last night. Arrived here after ten, and although I went straight to bed (after a bath) could not sleep.

On our way back yesterday we stopped at the village of the Fellatas, and paid our respects to their tribal chief. The Fellatas, a tribe of Negroes, started from Nigeria on a pilgrimage to Mecca, got as far as the Sudan, and settled here, only a few reaching their final goal. The chief, or Sultan, lives in a tall mud building. We were ushered into his receiving room, where long mud pillars run up to the ceiling, into which have been sunk bright enamel basins, for decoration. He could speak a little Arabic, and had an interpreter in the room who knew Arabic well, and translated all our speeches into his tongue. Asked him what his tribe live on—(the village was enormous, and I saw no agriculture or other industry). He answered that in the rains they plant Kaffir corn, but that their chief source of supply was cattle. I told him about our Agricultural School at Geraif, and about the cows there which would give 40 pints of milk a day. This he pretended to believe but down in his heart he felt I was an incorrigible story teller. Before we left he showed us one of their Fellata prayer books—the characters a very recognizable deviation of the Arabic alphabet. As we departed he sprang his one English word, "Goodbye", and we left him with the promise that when he comes to Omdurman he will look me up, and I shall show him the cows that give such milk.

This morning took charge of the church service. Found it very difficult to speak. When one is tired the very simplest Arabic word escapes the memory. Almost every time I preach in Arabic I say "never again".

(To be continued)

Foreign Correspondence

SUDAN

Mrs. R. F. Shields, Editor, Khartoum, The Sudan.

FROM KHARTOUM TO ETHIOPIA BY THE WHITE NILE

By Miss Verna Pillow, Omdurman, Sudan

About nine-thirty o'clock of the morning of May 27 we boarded the *S. S. Zafir* bound for Gambeila. There was some little time before the boat was scheduled to leave but one soon learns in the East that it is well to be ahead of time. It proved to be well this time for it was a good while before all our *goofas* (native baskets) and boxes of provisions were finally located. One basket and a typewriter were finally rescued from some man's cabin over in the second class barge and then we thought we were ready when someone said, "Where's the bread?" We had ordered it delivered to the quay but could not find it anywhere. Fortunately a friend with a motorcycle, who had come to see us off, came to the rescue, made a flying trip to Khartoum and got back with the bread just as the boat was pulling out at 11 o'clock.

The first two days the scenery did not vary much from that which one sees in and around Khartoum. Long stretches of desert with little or no vegetation save for occasional thorn trees or bushes. However, on the very edge of the river the natives do some cultivation, raising wheat and vegetables. There are many little islands in the river which are also cultivated when the river is low.

About 9 p.m. of our second day we tied up to take on wood. The boat's whistle was blown and in a very few minutes a number of natives from a nearby village were on the scene and started carrying wood aboard. They carried great loads of it on their shoulders. When a good lot was brought then they set to work to pile it in order in the barges. These natives working together began to sing and kept time with their singing to their motions. The majority of the singers chanted the word "Allah" (God) while one of the number sang and obligato. The operation of carrying and piling lasted all night and it was 9:30 in the morning before we were ready to start again.

We had an interesting stop at a village called Renk. Here we had our first look at a Dinka village. The Dinkas are very tall and very thin but with their extreme tallness are very graceful. The women wear many bracelets that fit close to their arms. Beginning at the wrist the bracelets are graduated in size until they cover nearly all the forearm. They wear anklets in the same way. Their clothing consists of a straight piece of cloth tied together at two corners and hung over the shoulder. The houses are round and are made of corn stalks with peaked grass roofs.

As we walked through the village, we caught sight of a tall Dinka chief standing at the entrance of a dwelling. In addition to his simple costume he was adorned with plenty of beads and jewelry. In his hair was a feather and in his hand a spear. One of our party wanted to take a picture of him but at the suggestion he disappeared. Shortly afterward we could see him and another chief peering at us over the high fence that surrounded their houses. There were several Arabic speaking people in the village and our boy Fahmi asked why the people objected to having their pictures taken. The reply was that they were afraid the picture would absorb their blood!

The next stop was at Malakal, which is a good sized village for this country. We took our cameras ashore and found plenty of interesting sights. All of the people here are of the Shulla tribe. The different tribes look very much alike but each tribe has a special tribal mark.

DOLEIB HILL

Arriving at Doleib Hill we went to the Mission and found Mr. Gephardt, the only one there during the summer months. The Doleib palms, from which the hill is named bear a large fruit about the size of a cocoanut which is used by the natives. We enjoyed looking at the large garden with its great variety of fruits and vegetables which have been introduced into the Sudan by our missionaries.

The afternoon we were at Doleib Hill there was a prayer meeting. All the men who came, left their clubs and spears outside the door and came in and sat on the floor. It was interesting to hear them sing in their language.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR, DOLEIB HILL
"The men left their spears outside the door".

The boat came for us at two o'clock in the morning. Between Malakal and Doleib Hill the river branches and we find the beginning of the Sobat River. This is much narrower than the White Nile and has many sharp turns, so sharp that many times it took the boat a long time to get around them and even then it would bump the edge of the bank. For this reason as soon as darkness came the boat would stop for the night and tie up until daylight.

NASSER

We arrived in Nasser early one morning. It had been raining so there was some nice sticky mud waiting for us. We were quite excited to arrive here too, as we were to meet some more American Missionaries of whom we had heard but had never seen. Mr. Smith came to the boat first and soon Miss Huffman arrived. It was with some difficulty that she got there for by the time she was half way down the bank one could imagine that the mud on her shoes was skis. Then a button came off her shoe and she was stuck fast. Help arrived however and she boarded the boat. This was the destination of Dr. and Mrs. Crabbe who were also on the boat with us so the mission barge was brought, luggage and all of us were bundled in and we went down the river several yards to the front of the mission compound. As a safeguard against getting stuck in the mud we took off our shoes and stockings and climbed ashore. When there

we received a wonderfully warm welcome from all the mission folks and the natives too. Had a great time washing the mud off our feet and soon felt very much at home. We hadn't been there long before we heard a great noise down the river. Mrs. Smith inquired what it was all about and on learning from her that a crocodile had taken a cow as a herd was being taken across the river, we grabbed our hats and made a dash as we didn't want to miss anything. The crocodile's game is to drown his prey then convey it to a secluded hole in the bank where he can eat it at his leisure. When we arrived at the scene neither crocodile nor cow was in sight. Soon we saw the head of the crocodile poke up and a little further down was the cow slowly floating down the river. Two natives went in a canoe and pulled the cow to the bank and after a lot of pulling and pushing finally got it up on the shore. It of course was already drowned. Marks could be seen on its neck where the crocodile had bitten it. The loss of cows means something to these Nuer men as they do much of their trading with them. A man pays from 20 to 30 cows for a wife. We heard of one man who bought his wife with something like 15 cows, 4 heifers and a gun. Except in special cases, if a wife dies the cows are returned.

The day after leaving Nasser we had the thrill of seeing lions. We girls were rather disappointed though, for by the time we got word we could see nothing but a few specks on the horizon. In the evening of the same day some one exclaimed, "Look", and trotting off through the grass was another lion.

The next day was not so interesting as we got stuck in the mud and remained stuck for three days before the river rose sufficiently for us to go on. However, there is always something to be thankful for, for it was a beautiful place with large green trees and plenty of green grass.

When at last we were on our way again we saw more interesting things. The large group of natives who gathered along the bank at our next stop seemed poorer and less intelligent looking than any group we had seen before. We found that they were refugees who had come from the inland. Nuer tribes had been warring together and these that escaped death could be better protected by the government along the river. The women wore two or three loose anklets on each ankle that would jingle as they walked or ran. We thought at first they were afraid of the boat for every now and then groups of them would turn and run. The real reason turned out to be that one of the men, who was evidently wishing to display his authority, was chasing them away with a whip.

The evenings on the river were lovely. We had the good fortune of travelling during full moon. One thing that I thought was especially wonderful was that we could look on one side of the boat and see a most gorgeous sunset and turn around to the other side and see the moon just coming up, casting a silver gleam across the water.

Bird life along the river is abundant. One would think he was looking at huge bushes covered with lovely white flowers, when all at once the flowers would flap their wings and soar off into the sky. Egret, Sacred Ibis, crows and many others could be seen in large flocks, and an occasional stork.

The next people we came to were the Anuaks. These people live in defensed villages, which they build on the very edge of the river with mud walls around them. Each village has only two gates which are very near the front of the village. This of course is to protect themselves from attacks of neighboring villagers. Their houses like the others are made of grass. Salt is used by them a good deal as a medium of exchange. We

bought a few eggs with a half cup of salt one day.

FROM MOUTAIN TOP TO MOUNTAIN TOP

When we arrived at Gambeila we found Dr. Maxwell who had come down from Sayo to meet us. Soon plans were made and our mules were ready for our two days' trek through the mountains of Ethiopia. Up until noon of the first day the climbing was very gradual. We sat on our mules and enjoyed the fresh air as we wound in and out among the trees. Our goal for that day was to get to the top of Mt. Lilmo. It is hard for the mules to carry human burdens up the mountain so those who can usually walk. Supper, a tent and beds awaited us at the top of the mountain and needless to say were very welcome.

We intended to get an early start next morning but when morning came it was raining hard so it was 9:00 o'clock before we were started. It was slippery going and we had more rain along the way, but my mule took me safely down the mountain, over rocks and through a deep stream. That morning we passed through a beautiful bamboo forest with tall ferns, maiden hair, and shrubbery and tall grass. We saw an occasional orchid and a few other flowers. Within an hour of Sayo we met Miss McKibben who came down on her mule to meet us. All afternoon we had been going over one hill after another and could see Sayo in the distance. It was 4:30 when we climbed the last hill upon which are the mission buildings. School had just been dismissed and the boys came running to greet one of their native teachers who had gone to Gambeila to see our boat and who had made the trip back to Sayo with us.

All the missionaries gathered in one home that evening and we had supper together. It was a merry group you may be sure, we so glad to be there and they so excited over the first American guests they had had in months and added to that the happy voices of seven normal kiddies from 2 to 9 years of age playing around; then once in a while the two babies 6 and 3 months old would add their contributions.

When the time came for us to start home we found it hard to drag ourselves away. The air was so invigorating and the mountains so beautiful that it seemed hard to think of going from mountain top to the desert just as we often fear the valley after the mountain top experiences of life. When once started though we had a good time and the nearer we reached home the more glad we were to be back again. We made quite a caravan that forenoon as we started down the hill. About 15 carriers taking our baggage and Mr. Buchanan and Dr. Maxwell accompanying us. Mr. Buchanan went only a short way as he had to get back to his work. We rode the Mission mules until we got into the tsetse fly district and then had to let them go back as the danger of poisoning is so great. We had quite an experience that afternoon as we had to take a road that no one had been through during the season. It was like blazing a trail, breaking the bamboo poles that had fallen across the path and pushing through tall grass that was far over our heads and which covered the path from view. It was 7:30 p.m. before we reached Lilmo this time and we had to travel the last hour or so by moonlight. The rest of our journey to Gambeila was not out of the ordinary. We found the *Abu Klea* ready for us to board and by noon the next day we were sailing toward Khartoum.

At Malakal we were transferred to another boat, the *Rejaf*, which brought us in a day ahead of schedule. Everything looked good to us as we neared Khartoum because we knew it was home and after all there is no place like home. It was all a wonderful experience and the trip up the river of 900 miles gave us many thrills and a good rest preparing us for another year of study in those Arabic books that we were so glad to leave alone for a few weeks.

A PEEP AT SAYO

By Miss Ruth M. Parks, Khartoum North, Sudan.

Up over the last grassy slope, on mule back, and we were really at the back door of the mission compound at Sayo. Dr. Maxwell had met our steamer at Gambeila and made our two day trip up pleasant, and without our personal responsibility. Now we were actually at Sayo and really dismounting from the good mission mules. There were quick and hearty greetings all round, and because we were four and there were four homes we were parceled off one apiece.

WELCOME

Miss McKibben led the way to Hope Cottage where she lives with Miss Blair. We were visiting friends we had never seen before, but the joy that we had arrived was mutual. With almost a steady flow of conversation for accompaniment I was soon enjoying all the luxury of a tub bath for "muleitis", also learned how one bath tub arrived at its destination. A native government official had been ordered to have tub baths. But there was no bath tub. Mission folks are a resort for aid. A messenger was sent. Yes, the mission owned a bath tub, but it was still at Gambeila. The mission hadn't been able to get carriers to tackle the job of getting it up. It was sent for by the official's carriers, and for delivery a native had the first health-restorative bath in the station.

Very soon we were all bound for the Maxwell home for a mission group supper. What a happy group we were! A mission station in which the children outnumbered the adults by one! The rosy-cheeked kiddies played before the fireplace with all the abandon of being, "at home", and we, too, knew that we were just that. Even the general appearance of some of us belonged to Sayo. Our carriers hadn't arrived yet so dress of one, hose of another, and still another's shoes I wore. Knowing smiles toward Miss Pillow indicated that she too, was "made up" for the evening.

Bedtime so soon! We said, "Good night", and followed those with lantern or flashlight to our homes. The light is directed toward the path so that one avoids stepping in the runway of black ants that repay interference with hard bites. To live in a grass-roofed cottage may not be ideal quarters for permanent living, but for vacation—yes!

We were there during the rainy season (June 18-25), their winter, but the rain almost always came at night and interfered very little with our coming and going. The weather was cool enough to be refreshing, in late afternoon almost Indian Summer-like. Each morning the view across the undulating sweep of plateau land to the very mountains with their ever varying canopies and splendid robes of clouds were new pictures given us by the one who "heaven and earth hath made".

"A. B. C."

Late one afternoon we went with Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Blair to a women's prayer meeting. We were seated on stools cut by hand from tree trunks. We really sat in them as much as on, for the top surface was cupped like a butter bowl. About fifteen women were present. Just before the meeting began, a cow put her head in the doorway. "Would she come in?" "Of course she would, its her home", cheerily responded Miss Blair. Indeed the cattle tried to enter again in the midst of prayers. The Bible woman in whose home we were, went to guard the entrance, emphasizing her objections with burning brands from her fire.

Earnest prayers went to God from that grass-roofed home. We understood not the words, but were conscious of sincerity. One phrase repeated many times sounded like "A. B. C.", and we learned later it meant "God bless us." Truly that is the "A. B. C." of all Christian service. Native nuts and coffee were served. This coffee is similar to Sudanese

except salt is used instead of sugar. Those who show true appreciation express it by supping it audibly.

A MEMORABLE SUPPER

Itbaric, a teacher, had a native supper for the visitors. This young man had accompanied Dr. Maxwell to Gambeila in order that he might see a river steamer. Itbaric and his wife have a good native house, built under mission supervision, with the comforts of glass windows and all that they can add to even a simple home with earth floor. A house had been built for Itbaric before, but the very day it was finished the grass roof caught fire and it burned to the ground.

Three or four people were seated at each low table. A woven cover was over the top of each. Gadada, a blind evangelist, returned thanks. The tables were uncoyered and in the bowl-like table tops we saw great sheets of native bread, more like raised buckwheat griddle cakes than any other American food. These almost paper thin sheets of bread were to be our table cloths, napkins, silver, dishes, and bread. Eating from a common dish is not unpleasant for each eats his spoon as each bite is taken. On top of these many layers of bread the hot "stew" of chicken and vegetables was served. Itbaric took care to see that a boiled egg was deposited before each guest. This was a real feast in which the courses were served in rapid succession each beside or on top of the previous one. "Cabbage", fried chicken, cottage cheese, chicken bread (raised bread stuffed with spiced chicken and hard boiled eggs), then another native mixture hotter than any before, and I suppose their very best. By that time the honey water (about one cup of honey to four of water) was certainly welcome. In contrast to the peppery heat within it felt as though it had been iced. Salt seasoned coffee was the final service. We noted great similarity between the Ethiopian and Sudanese food. Pleased though we were with this and other open hospitality, the Americans of Sayo were even more so because of the significance of the people entertaining the American visitors. These Ethiopians have learned to do for others.

SCHOOLS

We visited a school! Little girls and bigger ones with shaved round bald spots on the back of their heads were appliqueing pig pockets on aprons. An unusual design, but their favorite. A little lad was writing on the board in English to show that he knew what medicine was. He wrote "Christ is medicine for the world."

Many pupils do manual work in the morning, but all attend classes in the afternoon. All includes each of the servants of the mission households. We had a fine chance to see the school as a group during chapel, a company of children, and young men and women.

Miss Blair has a first unit of a Girls' Boarding School which makes it posible for about ten girls to live there and have opportunity for school training. When we were there the urgent need was a fence to save the girls' garden from the many herded cattle, and other roving animals.

We were traded about to different mision homes in order that we might all share mutually. When my time came to live at the Henrys I saw at close range the Boys' Boarding School. The boys weave cotton into towels, rugs, etc. Under Mrs. Henry's supervision some of the school produce from garden and dairy find their way with a "Home" canning outfit into cans. Milk is also bought from outside for making cheese and butter. Two may own a cow jointly and one have the milk to sell one week and the other the next. The hope is to sell enough of the products, from guava jelly to pork sausage, to make it unnecessary

to send any of their present boarders home because of lack of funds.

A new home is now being built for Dr. Maxwell and the hospital will be the next building in order. The present hospital and clinic are doing good service, but it speaks of the need of the new one to be. Seemed to me whenever I looked that way, or walked by, a group of people were waiting on the clinic veranda. All who come hear a Gospel message. Each hospital bed has an overhead extra roof of galvanized iron so that at least the rain will not reach the in-bed patients.

Ingeda, who has been clinic interpreter, left this fall to continue his studies at Assiut College. He plans to become a doctor and return to Ethiopia. It is a blessed thing when the sons and daughters of any land are trained to serve Him better among their own people.

THE JOY OF WORSHIP

Felt anew the inner joy that comes to us that worship God with those whose language we know not, when we walked into the Sabbath School. We visited all of the classes and stayed for a few minutes longer in the mothers' class and the one for young men. Two hundred fifty-five were present that rainy morning, more than two hundred eighty the week before. That is a large number for a mission right out in the open country and not in the heart of a village. The lesson cards have the same pictures as ours in America but they come unprinted on the backs, and the lesson is put on with the mission printing press. Additional ones are printed on white paper for the adults for whom pictures are almost but not quite as necessary.

Blind Gadada preached that morning. He wasn't troubled by having to watch his words as he read the gospel story of the prodigal son, for he used a Braille Bible. His sightless eyes shone with the sight that is God-given.

After service I walked in a drizzle of rain with Miss McKibben to give a hospital patient some medicine, and learned a little more of Gadada's story. At the age of three or four he became blind after scarlet fever. His mother and father took him repeatedly to a witch doctor, hoping against hope that their little son might indeed have his sight restored. This witch doctor said he was able to make those sightless eyes see, but he must have his pay of salt and other things first. These things the sorrowful parents were unable to produce.

Gadada learned to beg. He must have learned well, for if he were to beg now he could get about three times as much as the mission is able to pay him. He doesn't beg. One day Dr. Lambie gave him a coin and said, "I give you this in the name of Jesus Christ." It was the first time the blind man had heard the name of Jesus. He went away pondering; but he came again, and in time came to truly know Jesus as his personal Savior. Now he is using his life to bring others with unseeing eyes to see Jesus.

We had so many happy experiences crowded into our eight days—out to a village meeting Sabbath afternoon, (Reverend Buchanan is in charge of this evangelistic work and in groups, and farther by himself many villages and stretches of country have heard the Gospel message), a picnic trip with a mule for a steed, and a hammock carrier for baby John Buchanan, Monday market, (different location each day of the week), yes, and our good fellowship altogether in the various homes will be remembered thankfully, as will the night we met with all the Sabbath School teachers to study the lesson. Short though it was, the peep we had into another mission field's work was a great blessing to us. Reluctantly, to be leaving so soon, we mounted our mules to start down to Gambeila again, leaving the station of Sayo that is out on the hills for God.

(Note: There are excellent pictures of Ethiopian life in the National Geographic Magazine of June 1931.)

INDIA

Mrs. Osborne Crowe, Editor, Sialkot, India.

JOURNEYING MERCIES

By Mrs. David R. Gordon

Leaving home for our last term of service in far-away India, was a time of mingled gladness and sadness. Sad to leave our few remaining family dear ones; some of whom we cannot hope to see in the flesh again. Glad to be returning to the work so dear to us, and to the land where God had called us thirty-six years ago to work for Him.

We do not realize how strong the ties are here in our Mission work, until there arises a probability that funds might not permit of our return. This was the experience we passed through for several months in the home land, and while we thought we were more or less prepared for the great blow which might come to us, that is, that we could not return, we know we really were not. On the same day that we received our letter from the Foreign Board telling us to prepare for sailing, an Egyptian missionary brother and sister home on furlough living only a few blocks from us, received their letter telling them they were being retained at home. To see their sorrow and their anguish as to what to do, where to live, no money and no home, much of our joy was turned into sympathy for them, and as the dark days of uncertainty followed for them, we realized that we had not in the least been prepared for a similar experience. The contract *for life* made in good faith with the home Church had been broken, and they like many others had been laid aside from the work of their choice, to find another sphere of usefulness.

Being in California, we went from the Western coast, Los Angeles, through Honolulu, Japan, China and the Straits Settlements, to Calcutta. The journey was a long one taking almost six weeks by water alone, including stops at about eleven different ports. It was most interesting, and while the journey by this Western route took more time, yet it was in dollars much cheaper than the shorter and more direct route from New York would have been.

Rev. and Mrs. Colvin returning from their furlough with their interesting family, were our companions in travel.

THE LAST LAP OF THE JOURNEY

We reached Calcutta on schedule time and having brought out with us our Ford car, the plan was to drive from Calcutta up to the Mission field in the Panjab. It seemed by far to be the cheapest and quickest way to get the car through, so all was hustle and bustle in preparation for the long drive of one thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles to the Panjab.

Many things had to be thought of and planned which would not be necessary at all on a similar drive in the homeland, where auto camps and cabins, filling stations and garages, restaurants, cafes and hotels, and all other needed conveniences for travellers are within easy distance. We knew that much of the way would be entirely out of reach of all such ameliorations of travel.

My husband equipped the car, while I arranged for food, water and bedding. Water was the greatest problem. There is plenty of water in India, but we were back in the land where it is not safe to drink at every wayside watering-place. All drinking water must be boiled and filtered and cooled. The weather was fiercely hot and drinking water was an absolute necessity. However, by using thermos bottles and jugs and being very careful of every drop, and grasping every opportunity to refill our jars, we managed nicely.

As for food; we could always buy "chappati" (unleavened cakes) lentils and curry, and these with tinned

foods such as baked beans, salmon, butter, jam etc. met all our needs.

COMPANIONS ON THE WAY

The first day was spent mostly in loading our car. The luggage carriers at the back and sides and every conceivable place filled with suitcases, bedding rolls, lunch baskets, water jugs, etc. At last we were all set, and pulled out from our stopping place in Calcutta about 4:30 p.m. It was a dark, cloudy day, thundering and lightening, and we knew we could not cover much distance until darkness would overtake us, but it would be at least a start. We could make little headway the first two hours owing to the streets being crowded with ox-carts, buffaloes, cattle of all descriptions, donkeys, horses, goats, chickens, sheep, camels, as well as men, women and children; all in the street, there being no side-walks. Through blinding dust we finally reached the open country and welcomed the famous Government Grand Trunk Road. This road leads through the dense Bengal jungle where many English officials from all over India, go on hunting and shooting expeditions.

It was now quite dark, and we were driving rather slowly, as the asphalt pavement was wet and slippery, when suddenly appeared before us, about thirty feet away, a full grown and most beautiful wild leopard. It slowly crossed the road in front of us, and disappeared into the jungle, but while it was crossing it kept its eyes on us, and as our lights shone on its handsome skin and into its beautiful cat eyes, our feelings were mingled ones of admiration and fear.

Just as the leopard disappeared and we were beginning to breathe more naturally, a black bear came walking down the side of the road towards us, not more than six feet from where I sat in the car. Again our voices were subdued and we decided to risk no more night driving but to stop at the first railroad station we would come to. Missionaries are not often armed, and we hadn't even so much as a walking stick for protection. It was all a great experience and one to be prized after safely passing through it.

After about ten miles further travel we came to a railroad station and asked if we might have permission to stay the night in the waiting-room. As we were getting out of the car, to our astonishment quite near us we heard lions roaring. Again we thought that wild animals were pursuing us, but on inquiry we found that a circus had come to town and was camping near us! ! !

A NOVEL CROSSING

On our way the Lone River had to be crossed. It was three miles wide and the bridge for vehicle travel had been broken by the recent rains. The only way to get across was to be loaded onto an open freight car, and be attached to the end of a train and pulled across the railroad bridge. My husband bought this permission from the Station Master for Rs.12. and was told that we would be taken across immediately. It was then about 3:00 p.m. We sat in our car ready to be attached to a train, until 10:30 p.m. tired and hot. Fortunately we had our lunch basket from which to appease our hunger. At about 11 o'clock we found ourselves on the opposite bank of the river, in pitch darkness, knowing no roads or stopping place for the night. We found a little black boy and placed him on the running-board, told him to direct us to the nearest railway station which he did, and there we made ourselves as comfortable as might be on one bench, at either end of which we placed our heads, our feet extending out onto chairs placed mid-way allowing us to stretch out in a sort of letter V Position. We were tired enough, however, to believe that even such a bed as that was comfortable.

WHY WE CAME BACK

When hardships and difficulties would arise, dust would fill our eyes and mouths, filth, and poverty all about us, I several times remarked to my husband "I wonder why we wanted to come back to all this; leaving everything comfortable, lovely and beautiful behind us". I think it is the indescribable pull toward the need out here.

When morning dawned we proceeded on our journey and all our difficulties seemed to be left behind. We reached Allahabad, the half-way place on Saturday afternoon, where we stopped over Sabbath, and had a fine rest and attended service at the American Presbyterian Church.

For the rest of the way we made fine progress reaching Sialkot just two hours before the first session of our Annual Meeting. It seemed as though we had only driven from Gurdaspur that morning, arriving as we did along with others of our missionaries as in former years.

Our hearts are full of praise and gratitude for all the journeying mercies, for a splendid Annual Meeting and for the privilege of again resuming work in this needy land.

We are located in Rawal Pindi; our work to be city and cantonment evangelistic, and the Leper Asylum.

Please note our change of address from Gurdaspur and write to us. We are remembering the home Church in prayers as never before, and your prayers are especially needed as we enter upon our new work out here.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt

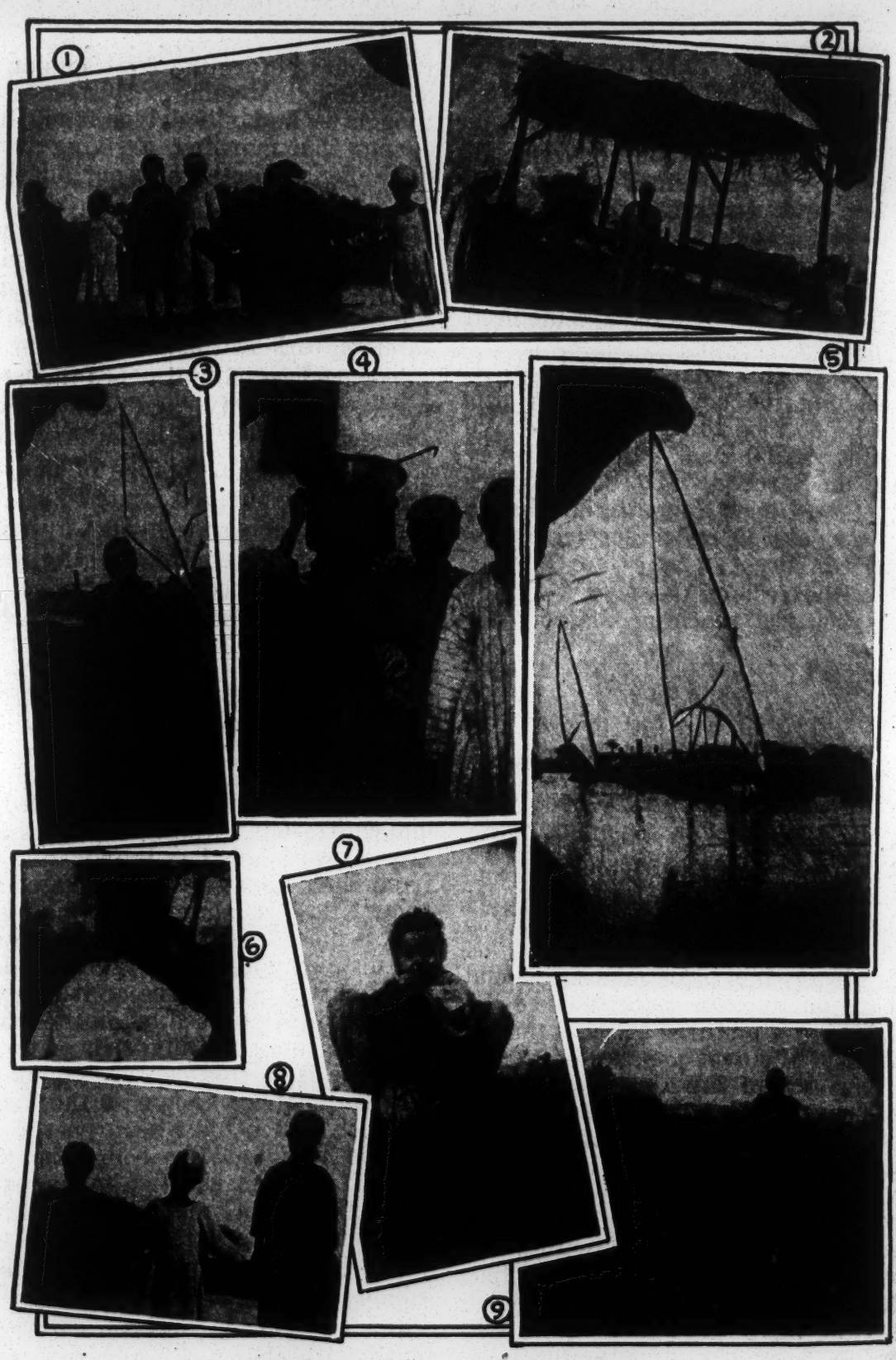
SNAP SHOTS OF DALAGAMOUN

By Miss Minnehaha Finney, "Delta Car", Kafr Zeyat, Egypt.

I started out this afternoon to get some pictures with my Kodak for *The Womens Missionary Magazine.* This always has to be made a special trip all on its own account since the act of taking pictures attracts the attention of the ever alert, wide-awake boy and girl of the ragged type who fill the by-ways and high-ways, of these Egyptian towns and villages. Soon such a crowd makes up the following of the camera man or woman that it is next to impossible to get many pictures. However, with swift work a good many snaps can be had before the crowd becomes too dense. Then the next thing is to get away from the crowd, so it is rather convenient to hop into a waiting Ford or board an incoming train.

This being my last day on the Delta Car this autumn, and Kafr Zeyat being my last of thirty different villages I've visited since October 2nd up to December 21st, I concluded to make a try-out with my camera. The town I went to is less than a mile off from Kafr Zeyat on the banks of the river Nile. Dalagamoun is the name of this place, and this is my first visit to this populous town although I've often cast longing eyes at it many a time as I have passed by on the train. But then there are hundreds of towns just like it in this densely populated Mission District known as the Tanta District, which have been passed by. I sometimes feel like congratulating myself just because I've managed to carry the Gospel message into thirty different villages this Autumn and then when I think of the hundreds of villages in this one Mission District which have never yet been entered, I blush with shame for any such feeling of satisfaction which may have crept into my heart.

Walking along the road leaving the town of Dalagamoun, with my following of jostling, jumping, shouting boys and girls a Moslem man met me



PEOPLE SEEN IN AN EGYPTIAN TOWN

1. A row of little girls in Dalagamoun. How delighted they were to have their pictures taken. 2. A praying place. The man in the center is all ready to begin his prayers. 3. A little boy and his sheep. 4. Part of my crowd—Note the pots and pans on the girl's head. 5. Boats sailing by on the canal. 6.A woman sitting out under a tree doing her sewing. Fellahin women have much freedom. 7. I said to the little girl carrying her little sister on her shoulder "What's her name?" "Simpleton" was the answer. The boy standing by explained "So she'll live." 8. Three little girls in Dalagamoun. 9. A little boy leading his sheep and driving his ducks home.

Cut furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.

and saluted me with the question, "You are one of the American Missionary ladies?" "Yes", I said, "but how did you know"? "Oh, you visited my wife the other day in Kafr Zeyat and I've also been a patient in the Tanta Hospital and so I know and love your kind". Then on the little Delta Light train on my way back to Kafr Zeyat a young man came up to me and introduced himself and said he was from Assiut and had been a patient of Dr. Henry's and was very effusive in his expression of love and admiration for Dr. Henry and his kind.

I hope to go back to Dalagamoun some time with my open Testament instead of my camera and in the meantime you readers of the Magazine must remember this place in your prayers. The last census lists Dalagamoun something like this—"Population, 11,613"—and out of that number there are 40 Copts and the remainder of the nearly twelve thousand inhabitants are Moslem.

I thought I'd make a beginning by distributing some Temperance Literature. The Moslems always appreciate temperance literature and also appreciate the fact that we Americans believe in total abstinence and prohibition. Temperance Literature creates a friendly attitude. But sad to say my following of boys and girls was too much for me so I had to hide my literature. "Well, I can read!" said one little boy. "Yes, he really can!" said another, "don't you see the ink on his gellabeeya!" (gown). His gown was well spattered with ink as well as his rather ragged book bag, only I hadn't noticed the ink because of the dirt. I gave him an examination in reading there in the middle of the road and found he could read rather well. In a few years this unkempt, dirty little boy will be a man ready to read all kinds of literature and there are many like him here in Egypt these days when free schools are being opened everywhere.

A DEVOTED WORKER

By Miss Ida B. Whiteside

The first of our graduates to take Bible women's work was Affeefa Makhael from Kous. When she was in our graduating class she returned from Christmas vacation and was telling us in Christian Endeavor meeting about a funeral which she had attended in Kous. She said she read the Bible to them till she could read no longer, and still they did not wish her to stop. She said, "There were women there, and old women, who did not know about the way of salvation though they were Christian in name. They do not go to Church and will never go if they live to be a hundred. The only way they will ever learn is to have some one go to them in the homes. If I could only see a Bible woman at work in Kous I could die happy." After the meeting Miss Ferrier suggested perhaps she could be that Bible woman after she would graduate. But she thought her brother would never consent. We agreed to pray that the way might open for her, and in some way within a year our pastor at Kous was able to persuade her people to allow her to teach half a day in the school and work half a day in the homes. It wasn't long till she was giving all her time to the homes. For years she worked faithfully and well in Kous. Later a serious illness made it impossible for her to live in Kous, but so soon as she was able she was at work here, and continued so till her death. She was badly burned when a stove exploded while she was cooking supper. She lived through a week of suffering and characteristically was rejoicing that it was she who was burned instead of her sister who was the mother of three little children, and who had been at the stove a couple of minutes before.

THE W. G. M. S. CONVENTION

Columbus, Ohio, June 16-20, 1932

Program

Thursday Evening

Miss Kate A. Hill, Presiding.

Devotional—Miss Kate A. Hill, First Vice President.

Greetings—Mrs. R. A. Jamieson, President Xenia Presbyterial.

Response—Mrs. J. D. Sands, President Board of Directors.

Special Music.

President's Address—"The Gospel of Christ; The Power of God". Rom. 1:16.

Convention Song—"Thou Hast Ascended". Ps. 68.

Presentation of Local Committee.
- Board of Directors.
- Editorial Staff of The Womens Missionary Magazine and Junior Missionary Magazine.
- Home Missionaries.
- Foreign Missionaries.

Announcements of
- Credential Committee.
- Local Committee.

Benediction.

Friday Morning

Devotions—Mrs. John Bradford, Second Vice President.

Business:
- Minutes.
- Adoption of Program.
- Report of Credential Committee.
- Roll Call.
- Appointment of Committees.

Reports:
- Recording Secretary.
- Statistical Secretary.
- Literature Secretary.

Review of Finances:
- Treasurer.
- Financial Secretary.
- Parsonage Secretary.

Discussion of Reports.

Special Music.

Quiet Hour—Fullness, John 1:16. Miss Ella Montgomery.

Messages from the Field.

Closing Prayer—Mrs. Fred Morgan.

Note: Thank Offering bearers (one from each presbyterial) are requested to meet in front of platform at close of session.

Friday Afternoon

Devotions—Mrs. Robert Dixon.

Reports:
- The Womens Missionary Magazine.
- The Junior Missionary Magazine.

"The Torch of Light." A Magazine Demonstration.

Convention Song.

Reports:
- Foreign Secretary.
- Home Secretary.
- Freedmen Secretary.
- Indian Secretary.

Discussion of Reports.

Quiet Hour—Rest, Psalm 37:7; Miss Ella Montgomery.

Messages from the Field.

Special Music.

Closing Prayer.

Friday Evening

Thank Offering Service.
Mrs. O. H. Milligan, Presiding.

Thank Offering Pageant.

Reception.

Saturday Morning

Devotions—Miss Margaret Moorehead.

Business.

Reports:
- Thank Offering Secretary.
- Young Women's Secretary.
- Junior Secretary.
- Temperance and Reform Secretary.
- Prayer Group Secretary.

Study Plans for Foreign Study Book—"The Rainbow Empire", Mrs. E. D. McKune.

Quiet Hour—Strength, Isaiah 30:15; Miss Ella Montgomery.

Open Forum—Mrs. John P. White, Presiding.

Closing Prayer.

Saturday Afternoon

Intercession—Mrs. W. C. McCleary.

Messages from Missionaries.

Address—"Personal Evangelism", Dr. H. A. Kelsey.

Special Music.

Junior Pageant—"The Junior Chain."

Junior Demonstration — "The Juniors' Flower Garden".

Quiet Hour—"Regeneration" 2 Cor. 5:17. Miss Henrietta Cowden.
Closing Prayer.

Saturday Evening

Home Mission Night.
Mrs. Wm. S. Cook, Home Secretary.
Mrs. Arthur B. McBride, Indian Secretary.
Mrs. Ada Kerr Wilson, Freedmen Secretary.
Special Music.
Closing Prayer.

Sabbath Morning

Worship with Local Churches.

Sabbath Afternoon

Memorial Service—Arranged by Women's Board.
Communion Service—Conducted by Pastors of Xenia Presbytery.

Sabbath Evening

Foreign Missions Night.
Mrs. H. C. Campbell, Presiding.
Special Music.
Addresses by Foreign Missionaries.

Monday Morning

Morning Prayer—Mrs. Wm. Ashbrook.
Business.
Reports:
Annuity—Mrs. H. C. Campbell.
Women's Association—Mrs. J. P. Cameron, Jr.
Women's Association of the West—Mrs. C. H. Pullin.
Jubilee Committee.
Study Plans for Home Mission Book, "Facing the Future in Indian Missions", Mrs. E. D. McKune.
Quiet Hour—"Full Surrender", Ex. 21:1-6; Ps. 45:9. Miss Henrietta Cowden.
Messages from Missionaries.
Reports:
Committee on Recommendations.
Committee on Credentials.
Committee on Nominations.
Roll Call.
Election of Officers.

Monday Afternoon

Intercession—Mrs. T. M. Crawford.
Presentation of Awards.
Reports:
Committee on Resolutions.
Committee on Place.
Special Music.
Exercise: By Children from Italian Church.
What Are You Going to Take Home—For your Presbyterial? For your Society? For Yourself? Mrs. J. D. Sands.
Messages from the Field.
Quiet Hour—"Intercession", Esther 4:14. Miss Henrietta Cowden.
Report of Tellers.
Introduction of new Officers.
Closing Prayer—Mrs. Roy L. Nourse.

Monday Evening

Devotions—Mrs. Jeannette C. Alter.
Special Music.
Address—"The Next Step Forward". F. Scott McBride, Gen'l Sup't Anti-Saloon League of America.
Consecration Service—Mrs. H. C. Campbell.
Benediction.

(Program is incomplete and subject to change.)

"Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Our cheerful song would oftener be
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me'."

* * *

MESSAGE FROM FIRST VICE PRESIDENT OF THE W. G. M. S. CONVENTION

I have been spending March and April in California and Oregon. All up and down the coast I could feel the thrill of the Women's General Missionary Convention in Everett, June 1931. I met delegates whose faces are now turned in eager anticipation towards Columbus.

Let us make the days June 16-20, 1932, red letter days for all the United Presbyterian Church. Take your calendars and mark these days in red. Write "W. G. M. S., Columbus, Ohio", above them. Make posters of these dates for your societies, congregations and Sabbath Schools. This will make a good background to make these days special days of intercession—a pouring out of ourselves before God in confession and intercession for the saving of souls, the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God at home and abroad.

Every delegate will want to pray for help to bring to the meeting a blessing and to carry the spirit of the meeting back to her Presbytery. To be a delegate is a privilege but also a responsibility. Every woman in her home will use these "red letter days" as special days of intercession and meditation that she may have a share in the meeting and that she may receive with us who are present.

"If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody from night
And toss it o'er a continent or sea;
If the soft, petaled notes of a violin
Are blown o'er mountain or a city's din;
If songs like fragrant roses are culled from thin blue air,
Then how can mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?"

Kate A. Hill.

* * *

ENTERTAINMENT OF DELEGATES

Mrs. W. J. Graham. 43 Binns Blvd., Columbus, Ohio, is chairman of the assignment committee for the 1932 W. G. M. S. Convention June 16-20. All delegates, visitors, Life Members, and Life Directors who desire lodging to be secured, are urged to send their names and addresses as soon as possible to Mrs. Graham.

Lodging and breakfast will be provided for regular delegates, missionaries, members of the Board and those taking part on the program. Life Members, Life Directors and visitors may be accommodated for lodging and breakfast for $1.25 per day in homes, or at the Seneca, Convention hotel for $2.00 to $2.50 a day.

Mrs. Graham urges guests to designate preference between hotel and home accommodations and price they are willing to pay.

* * *

PRE-CONFERENCE

An important conference for delegates, under the leadership of Mrs. J. C. Alter, will be held in the Convention Church, Columbus, June 16 at 4:30 p.m. This conference gives delegates, especially those attending for the first time, an opportunity to get their bearings before the Convention opens. Valuable suggestions will be made on attitude toward the convention, faithful attendance, serving on committees; how and what to report to the home societies. Questions will be answered and all possible help will be given to any who need help.

The brief time of fellowship together will take away all feelings of strangeness and from the first moment all will be friends gathered together to talk about the work dear to the hearts of all United Presbyterian women.

* * *

A NEW PLAN

The Convention program for Columbus contains an "Open Forum". To make this of the greatest value, the leaders would like to have questions in advance. Will delegates inquire of their presbyterials what problems they wish solved, what methods they wish enlightenment on, what to do,

when and *where.* Send these questions at once to the Convention Secretary, 31-75 29th St., Long Island City, New York. Have them in her hands by the last week in May.

* * *

MAGAZINE SHOWER

On feature of the W. G. M. S. Convention is a "Magazine Shower". At an appointed time delegates present subscriptions which they have brought from their presbyterials.

May we ask that each delegate and each visitor and each Life Member planning to attend the convention will make an effort to secure new subscriptions or renewals, to bring to Columbus. May we ask that Literature Secretaries co-operate by securing AT LEAST TWO NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM EVERY SOCIETY.

The Womens Missionary Magazine in common with all periodicals has suffered losses in its subscription list, due partly to depression, partly to deaths, and partly to decreased membership in Women's societies. While Young Women's societies are constantly reporting increased membership, women's societies are not. By referring to the Statistical Report we find that few subscriptions are reported by the Young Women. These societies, then form a large field for our endeavor.

We hope that no delegate will come empty handed to the convention but that each one may bring many "drops" so that we may have a great "Shower".

* * *

PASSING OF PIONEERS

Two of our beloved pioneers have been called home. Miss Margaret Smith who had spent fifty-nine years in Egypt and who was spending her sunset days in California went to her eternal reward March 30. Miss Smith loved Egypt, she loved her girls and her women and they in turn loved her devotedly. Fifty-nine years of consecrated faithful labor for Egypt! What a record! Her gentle ways and her beautiful character have been and will be ever a pattern for those who had the privilege of being led to Christ through her saintly service.

When the news came in the daily paper that Dr. J. Kelly Giffen had suddenly been called home, April 6, I went to the bookcase and took down "The Egyptian Sudan" and read bits here and there from its pages. I marvel anew at the courage and consecration of Dr. and Mrs. Giffen, who after spending twenty years in Egypt went into the primitive country at Doleib Hill and established the work there. This book ought to be read and re-read by every United Presbyterian. It is a tonic for discouraged souls.

Not only Egypt and the Sudan are bereft but the church in America as well. Our sympathies go to the friends and especially to Mrs. Giffen who has shared in a remarkable way all the labors of her distinguished husband.

EFFICIENCY

Earnest in Purpose
Faithful in Service
Fervent in Spirit
Interested in Others
Constant in Attendance
Importunate in Prayer
Eager for Knowledge
Noble in Aims
Courageous in Undertakings
Yielding to Guidance.

A SOCIETY BAROMETER

By Mrs. Thos. F. Baker, Brookline, Pa.

The Standard of Efficiency is a barometer for our Missionary Societies. By it, the society may read its own temperature and feel its own pulse. We need to take stock once a year to ascertain if we have gone forward. No business concern could long keep operating, if at the end of a year, it could not count a gain. And should not we, who are carrying on the King's business be able to count our increase each year—and what better yard stick could we use than the Standard of Efficiency?

The Standard gives the best picture you could have of your society, for it shows it from every angle, in every phase of its work. It serves as a goal, and one to which we keep reaching every year. Increase, increase—yes, fifty per cent of the points are based upon increase, while the remaining points are ones in which every well organized society strives to qualify.

If we are to work efficiently, we must be well organized and put our very best into our work. Just "getting by" is not enough, but "going forward" should be the aim or goal of every society; so it is well for us that we have such a goal.

We need to be reminded from month to month of our progress by some one delegated to do this particular work, so it naturally follows that an efficient society will have an efficiency secretary. What an inspiration it is from month to month to hear our efficiency average going forward. Can your society afford to operate without the assistance of an efficiency secretary, one who is keeping her fingers on the society's work, and by her interest, is encouraging each secretary to do her best? Statistics of past years have proven that the societies having efficiency secretaries have always had high "Standard" averages.

There should be a report at each monthly meeting from the Efficiency Secretary, just as there is from each of the other secretaries, for an added interest is the usual reaction to a monthly presentation of facts and figures.

Ten points to the "Standard", not one of which could be omitted. A few suggestions may prove helpful.

A most interesting fact was revealed when the reports from one presbytery were examined last year. The majority of the reports averaging below 50 per cent on Prayer Groups came from societies in which this point rated zero. What could be more convincing? "Prayer is the language that binds our human helplessness to the divine efficiency."

Again many societies have found it difficult to ascertain if they have had a gain in the number of tithe payers as listed in Point 6. Many, they say, do not care to have it publicly stated that they are tithers. The following is a successful method used in some societies, who do not have a record for the previous year: Slips of paper are passed in April by the tithe secretary on which the member writes "yes" or "no". No names signed. These are counted and the number recorded. In March of the following year, slips are again passed and the number recorded. From this the secretary readily figures her gain or loss in the number of tithe payers during the year.

A mission study class *apart* from the society program has been difficult for some. Many argue that in this day of over-organization so many demands are made upon their time that it is impossible to get the society to meet at another time for mission study: also, that when a separate class is held, few come and they contend that so many more are benefited by mission study during the regular meeting.

In some societies where mission study is a part of the program, the members arrange to have a few meetings preceded by a dinner. Between the dinner and the hour of the regular missionary meeting, another mission book is studied. By this arrangement, double work is accomplished and five more points added to the efficiency rating.

It is well to make a large chart of the ten points of the "Standard" and place it before the Society every month, and as the points are attained mark the percentage for that point.

Points in which you failed to measure up last year could be printed in different colored ink as reminders for special effort on these points this year.

The "Standard" is a challenge given to every Society to increase in numbers, contributions and spiritual development. Let us accept the challenge and endeavor to show ourselves Stewards who need not be ashamed.

* * *

PRESBYTERIAL BULLETINS

By Mrs. Arthur B. McBride, Sewickley, Pa.

Excellent bulletins from the various Presbyterials come to the Women's Board from time to time, and bring encouragement to those who are praying and planning for the entire work of the W. G. M. S. When a bulletin such as the one from Philadelphia Presbyterial comes to the office, the members "thank God and take courage", that the work is being so efficiently carried on by all the faithful workers in their various corners. "You in your small corner, and I in mine".

The Philadelphia Presbyterial Officers sent out this bulletin during February to all the societies of the Presbytery. The President's greeting is sincere and inspiring.

Dear Fellow-Workers:

Ten months of our Presbyterial year have gone. How is it with your society? Has it grown in numbers and in spirit? There is no standing still in the Christian life, we are either going forward or backward. The end of all business should be the promotion of Christ's kingdom in the World. We are His Stewards, He is coming again to judge the World. Whatever may be our conception of His coming again to judge the world, we who believe in Christ, are like unto them who wait for the Lord. The Gospel must be preached to the whole world. We, the women of the United Presbyterian Church, are having a glorious opportunity of having a part in this great missionary enterprise. Let us "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." By our Life Stewardship we shall prove that we are sincere followers of the Son of God. We can do it in no other way. Let us have "our lamps trimmed and burning, for at an hour when ye think not, the Son of Man cometh".

Your President.

Then follows a message from each officer of the Presbyterial. These messages were brief, but most earnest and sincere, and each one stressed her particular line of work.

Others may well emulate this Presbyterial in its plan of united and effective effort. We shall be glad to hear from others, as to ways we may make our organization more efficient.

* * *

MANSFIELD PRESBYTERIAL ANNOUNCER

This very attractive leaflet shows a most efficient presbyterial. The weather forecast for the Spring Convention Edition is: Showers of blessings on April 19th. The Convention theme: "Fruitbearing in God's Garden" is carried out in a three-session program, which is worked out beautifully and so appropriate for the Springtime. Items of presbyterial interest and information are printed on this publication, which was sent out in March to every society in the presbyterial.

* * *

PROGRAMS

The programs issued by *The Womens Missionary Magazine* have had an unusual sale. We printed a supply based on last year's selling. The first edition was exhausted and a second edition of 2500 in abbreviated form was printed. Within a few days this edition was exhausted also.

Had the orders come in earlier all could have been filled for we should have known just how many to print the second time. We are very sorry to disappoint societies but we cannot print another edition at this late date.

THE CHALLENGE OF OUR JUBILEE YEAR

April 1, 1932—April 1, 1933

First—A more complete organization for various ages;

Second—A deepened spiritual life;

Third—A conscientious stewardship;

Fourth—A clearer vision of the need of missions;

Fifth—A devout expression of gratitude in gifts and service.

STEWARDSHIP OF SELF, SERVICE, AND SUBSTANCE

By Mrs. J. C. Pinkerton.

Stewardship has become a very familiar term on our lips, but what is its real meaning, what is a steward? The Standard Dictionary says, "a steward is a person invested with the management of estates or affairs not his own: one who manages or disburses for another." This definition involves three factors—an owner, a steward and an estate.

The owner is God—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He not only created, but He sustains life—"In Him we live and move and have our being." His ownership extends further—"Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." Thus, by His creating, sustaining and redeeming power, God is the Owner.

The stewards are those to whom the Owner has said,

"Occupy till I come."

"Give an account of thy stewardship."

"Be blameless as the steward of God."

"Minister one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

We are the stewards. In First Corinthians 4:2 we are told that "it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." Faithfulness is one of the finest attributes to be found anywhere. A good steward must know the owner, for knowing and loving the owner always insures a finer type of service. He must also know the estate and must know it intimately, for he is held responsible for every part of it—for keeping it all in good condition, for its highest development and richest return.

Thus, with God the Owner and we the Stewards, the estate is Self, Service, and Substance.

Self: The New Testament teaches us that our bodies are the "temples of the Holy Spirit" and as stewards we are to keep them "holy, acceptable unto God". If the body is to be so carefully guarded, the mind much more so, for the mind is a vast dominion of rich possibilities and God asks us to be masters of this dominion, to organize and administer our thinking as a sacred trust. Most of all, the *heart* is to be kept "pure, for out of it are the issues of life," and it is to be so cultivated that it will be "fruitful unto good work".

Service: Self and Service are closely interwoven. Self is expressed and developed in service. To our Owner belongs the fullest service we can render, not from the legal standpoint, "because we owe it"; nor from a sense of duty, "because we should do so"; but service prompted by love, gratitude and loyalty, with genuine interest in the affairs of our Owner. Love is the highest and noblest incentive.

Substance: We have heard Stewardship discussed most frequently as applied to possessions. Much has been said and written about the tithe and proportionate giving. Stewardship goes farther; it acknowledges that all that is retained after setting aside a definite portion is no less a trust than the separate part of the income. The nine-tenths are to be administered in such a way as to promote the interests of the Divine Owner. "Honor the Lord with thy substance."

All that we are, all that we do, all that we possess, belongs to God. We are His stewards. Some one has said "that the faithful steward is God at work in the world." Will our stewardship of Self, Service, and Substance stand this test?

* * *

THE STEWARDSHIP OF CITIZENSHIP AND OF LAW OBSERVANCE

By Mrs. Harriet S. Boobyer.

A double stewardship of citizenship and of law observance has been entrusted to women with a double responsibility for the carrying out of the stewardship, the responsibility for themselves as observers of law and as voting citizens and also the responsibility for the effect of their influence on others. As wives and mothers, women to a marked degree determine the atmosphere of the home toward law observance and the use of the ballot on the part of the individuals in the home. As mothers and teachers, women play the major part in forming habits of obedience or disobedience to law on the part of children and in moulding their future attitude toward all law. It behoves every Christian woman to think seriously of her own attitude toward law, to check carefully her measure of obedience and to watch closely the example she sets. The Christian womanhood of this country needs to realize in a degree never before thought of that the stewardship of citizenship is a trust to be administered with conscientious care and with unremitting regularity lest the civic structure of America be undermined and broken down. To be lasting, this structure must be upheld by Christian principles put into civic action through the lives of the men and women who are elected to positions of greater and less power.

Our Jubilee Year upon which we are now entering offers a stirring challenge to the citizenship of the women in our missionary societies, young women's societies as well as women's. There are to be elected this year a President, a Vice President, 32 United States Senators, 435 Congressmen, and many state and municipal officials. The election of these men to so many offices of influence and power for years to come will have a lasting effect on some of the greatest questions of the day and particularly on the great cause of prohibition. The personnel of the men elected and their opinions which will later be transmuted into votes, yea or nay, *may* determine the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution or its modification to the point of nullification, and *will* its enforcement. It is not a time to be approached with any feeling of security in the past, it is rather a time to realize that "Eternal vigilance is the price of prohibition."

We who are concerned for the souls of men must also be concerned for the physical and moral conditions under which men live which either foster spiritual life or stultify it entirely. One of the opportunities that we have to obtain the condition we desire is through our ballot. Are we to sit idly and indifferently by and let men opposed to everything founded on the laws of God and on the best good of men come into office there to wield a power and influence that it will be almost impossible then to overcome? Did God so wonderfully give citizenship into the hands of the Christian women now living only to have them unworthy of the stewardship of so great a trust at such a critical time? Surely the answer comes swelling back, "NO! We will be faithful to our trust!"

* * *

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Where did 150 men accompany the ruler when he visited the dentist?
2. Where was "ostrich" served?
3. What is "Rainbow Sickness"?
4. Why was milk refused the missionary?
5. How was "Dinsei" brought back to school?
6. Why was the lamp put on the stove?
7. What changes are taking place in the status of women in the Sudan?
8. Name some of the problems of the schools in the Sudan.
9. What signs did the neighbors see that led them to believe Fatma was a Christian?
10. What became of some pilgrims who never reached their shrine?
11. Where do "flowers" take wing?
12. Where were firebrands used to keep cows out of a prayer meeting?

Thank Offering Department

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.

Thank Offering Secretary

905 Publication Building, 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE HUNGRY THANK OFFERING BOX

"Dear me," said the little Thank Offering box,
As it glanced up at the date,
"If there's just one thing I dislike to do,
It's to sit around and wait.

"But here I sit high up on a shelf,
Doing nothing day after day,
I really am most ashamed of myself,
But what in the world can I say.

"I wonder if I fell down on the floor,
Would somebody notice me
And maybe find me something to eat?
I'm hungry as I can be.

"I know that money is dreadfully scarce,
But it's such a little to pay,
For you see I can get along quite well
On just a penny a day.

"The first of May, how time does fly,
And it really wont be long
Until November is here again,
And my time will then be gone.

"There's so much work I would like to do,
So very many needs,
I'd like to help so many folks
And do so many deeds.

"But here I sit upon a shelf,
With nothing at all to do,
I'm going to move just a tiny bit
And put myself in view.

"Oh dear! I don't seem able to stop,
Now there I go on the floor,
Oh well if they have to pick me up,
They'll remember what I am for."

—Helen Cathcart Hayes,
First United Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, Delaware.

OUR JUBILEE THANK OFFERING

What trait of character is more beautiful than Gratitude? What baser than Ingratitude?

Ingratitude means unthankfulness. If unthankfulness to man is contemptible, what shall we say of unthankfulness to God.

How shall we rightly give thanks and show our gratitude to God?

1. In our worship.

The Psalms that David wrote to be sung in the temple services were full of thanksgiving. Our prayers should be made up largely of thanksgiving—giving thanks to Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift.

2. The Jews expressed their gratitude to God by a thank offering. We must do the same. The thank offering of the Jew was a lamb, slain and laid on the altar. The thank offering which we bring is far more precious than that of the Jew. The apostle says, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God" (then it is a thank offering) "that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service". This means that the whole body is to be devoted to God—the head to devise plans for His honor, the heart to be aflame with holy passion, the hands to do His will, and the feet to run cheerfully in the way of obedience, so that, no matter what we do, it shall be for the glory of God! This is thanks-living, and what is thanks-living but practical thanksgiving.

3. By giving of our means for a thank offering.

The United Presbyterian Thank Offering originated with Mrs. Eliza Clokey, wife of the Rev. Joseph Clokey, D. D., Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. Clokey was an aged mother. Unable to perform her usual duties, she spent her time in prayer and planning for the extension of His kingdom. Her plan was to have an appeal issued from the Women's Board, asking the members of the Women's Missionary Societies, then numbering 16,000, to give $1.00 each, over and above her usual contributions to her Society, as a Thank Offering to the Lord.

The appeal was made and on May 9, 1888, the first thank offering service was held at the meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society at Washington, Pa. This first offering amounted to $5,919.20.

During the forty-three years of our Thank Offerings, over three million dollars have gone into the great work of carrying the light of Jesus Christ to the needy at home and abroad.

The continual growth of the thank offering has been a marvel to the older members of the Women's General Missionary Society. Each year, with few exceptions, the amount given has exceeded that of the previous year, and, yet, the original plan of a penny a day from every woman in the church is still an unattained ideal. If each of the 90,000 women in the church would give one cent a day the offering would be $328,500, which is double the amount of our largest annual offering.

Can we not make our Jubilee Year the Banner Year for our thank offering? As our thank offering year runs from January 1st to December 31st, we are already four months on our way.

There are two ways to increase our offering. One is to inspire those who now give Thank Offerings to increase their offerings. The other is to persuade those who have never given a Thank Offering to do so.

Your Thank Offering box placed where you can see it will be a constant reminder of God's goodness.

"Give as He blesses and He will bless as you give."

—Mrs. W. H. Norris,
Thank offering Secretary,
W. M. S., Eighth Church,
North Side Pittsburgh, Pa.

Young Women's Department

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIMS—1. To have a Circle or a Y. W. Society in every congregation.

2. To give loyal support to each of the Seven Departments.
3. To so increase the Special Fund as to include an object in Egypt.
Thoughts to Ponder—"One says, 'A good idea!' Another says, 'A good idea! I'll work for it!' Which wins?" Be "doers of the word" today.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK

Support of Girls' Boarding School, Pasrur, India, $4,350. Salaries—Home—Mrs. J. W. Pollock, Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky.; Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R. N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Sallie E. Dickey, Corsicana, Texas, $2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gorei, Ethiopia; Miss Mary Cole, Khartoum North, Sudan, $1,600. Total askings, $8,630.

NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCIETIES

Eight or ten inquiries for literature to use when forming a missionary society have not resulted favorably or the information telling all about it has not yet been sent in or, if it has been sent, it has not arrived at its destination. It is very desirable that as soon as possible after organization, word may come to headquarters giving all necessary particulars.

Cleveland Presbyterial presents another brand new society to the W. G. M. S. It is—Goodyear Heights of Akron, Ohio, the "Emma Dean Girls". Members, 15. President. Miss Virginia Ross, 231 Para Ave., Akron.

Oregon Presbyterial—Laurelhurst Church of Portland has just organized a new Y. W. society, its special name not yet being announced. There are fourteen members. President, Mary Belle Billion. The election of officers was held this month (March) and the society is busy studying both home and foreign mission subjects. It is also planning to do some sewing for a needy object. The correspondent said: "Our beginning is small but with the interest manifested by the girls, we feel that the society has a future. Our aim is to become a strong, active society like the Senior society in our Church." Quite a testimony to the W. M. S. of that congregation!

Chicago Presbyterial — Second Church "Nous Cherchons" (We are seeking) Y. W. society—6 members. President, Miss Elsie Adamson. There was the hope that a larger membership might be reported but even small things are not to be despised. Anyway the society is very new so who knows but that is may be able to report a one hundred per cent gain by next year!

May another word be said concerning a society that decides to change its affiliation; that is, it may feel that it should merge with another Y. W. M. S. in the congregation. Or, as time goes on, it may seem proper to join the weakening forces of the W. M. S. In any such case, there is no necessity to disband the society. The two societies merely become one organization, being subject to the department to which the senior organization belongs. As has been explained before, every society between the Junior Missionary Society and the Women's Missionary Society is in the Y. W. Department. Do not report as disbanded a society that has united its forces with another. Rather call it a *merger*.

If a Y. W. society transfers its efforts to the Senior Department, maintaining its separate existence, it is spoken of as a *transfer* and has left behind only one financial obligation, —the Y. W. Special Fund.

Some societies do not consider it a very serious matter to fail to report a couple of years in succession. It takes but *two years* to get on the *blacklist!* Of course such an organization will be reinstated if it becomes active. Otherwise it is removed from the roll. If this statement is not clear to you or you wish to ask some ques-

tions regarding it, do not hesitate to correspond with this department.

It may seem an inopportune time to discuss reports, disbandings, mergings, etc., in May, but mistakes for the year 1932-1933 may be thus averted. We should have a near-perfect report for the Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of the W. G. M. S. in 1933!

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL FUND

The report the first of March as given by the treasurer showed this fund $409.10 back of last year at the same time. March's figures for the years beginning with 1913 and including this year, those for 1916 and 1929 only being missing, are as follows: $689.47, 704.60, 795, ..., 1057, 1256, 1366.50, 1773, 1788, 2019.50, 2463, 2251.12, 2649, 2342.15, 2432.25, 2208, ..., 1997.19. 2053.60, 1644.50. Next year is the Jubilee of the W. G. M. S. The times may have looked up somewhat by that time. Let us hope so anyway. Begin early in the year to gather the Special together. Do not put it off until the last month or two, but plan to be forehanded.

HAVE YOU A QUESTION?

1. Whose responsibility is it to send in the names of new officers of the presbyterial? And to whom? And when?

It is the duty of the secretary or the corresponding secretary of the presbyterial.

The information should be sent to the Board Rooms, 904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

It should be done immediately after the election.

2. Is inconvenience or delay caused by a failure to report promptly?

Yes. Mail goes to the wrong party and may not reach the new officer. Or it arrives too late to send the desired information. It makes for incompleteness.

3. Is unnecessary expense involved?

Oftentimes duplicate reports or leaflets must be sent when one order would have been sufficient. Material and postage are wasted.

4. To whom does the literature sent to a secretary for her help belong?

To her as long as she is the secretary; later it should go to her successor.

5. Should officers serve a limited time,—one year perhaps? Local? Presbyterial?

It depends on the constitution and by-laws of the organization sometimes. Again it may be a matter of fitness. The society should not suffer by constant change especially as to treasurer and the correspondent of the society. It is wise when a good presiding officer has been secured or a good program chairman to sometimes re-elect her. It is not so much that everybody be tried out as that the society's welfare be safeguarded. Whether in local or presbyterial work, no officer should be compelled to continue to serve if the work does not appeal to her or if she cannot serve in a happy manner. Progress cannot be if harmony is lacking.

6. Must a secretary for Young Women's or Junior work come from the ranks of the Y. W. society?

Not necessarily. It is the best woman for the place whether she belong to the W. M. S. or the Y. W. M. S.

7. For which group of societies in the Y. W. Department are sponsors suggested?

For the teen age or high school group.

8. Why not have sponsors for young women of twenty and up?

They are of the age to accept responsibility. Initiative is checked if an older person plans for them. The eagle puts her eaglets out of the nest when she finds that their wings are able to carry them away. She expects them to find their food and their shelter. She has set a good example for all of us even if she is just a bird.

Please state your questions. If they can be answered, they will be.

OLD-FASHIONED

Fashion is a word to "roll under your tongue as a sweet morsel", figuratively speaking. There is a great deal to be said on the subject of style, Paris or some other faraway point decreeing what shall be fit or proper for the season's wear. Probably no season is so sure to captivate the fancy of people as the springtime with its freshness in air and color. After the late sultriness of summer, the more or less drab days of fading fall, the dreariness of the chill of the winter winds, spring has a special charm as do the new styles.

Sometimes people become so obsessed by fashion that little else claims their attention. In more prosperous days this was more marked than now. A woman whose mind dwelt mostly on material things and who had a good income from a trust fund, every so often cleared her home of carpets and funiture of which she had wearied and had new carpets and furniture of the latest fabrics and designs take the place of the discarded. She toured about, entertaining, sought happiness—but was not satisfied. New fashions cannot satisfy.

There are those who delight themselves in roaming over the country seeking antiques. It is not because they need these things, but a certain appeal attaches to them. Usually youth is not much concerned in old fashions except to dress up in what the old leather-covered, brass-nailed trunk gives up, (so the story book goes), that a parade before others may cause amusement for all. Sometimes, however, you do find an old-fashioned boy or girl—not as to clothes perhaps, but in something vastly more important—foundation truths or principles. One marvels at the quaintness of such a youth. It seems too good to be true that a young person is satisfied to accept truth which was accepted by an earlier generation, — hence old-fashioned! Yet how wise is such an one. What young people need is not new truth but the faith to accept truth when presented, regardless as to the year it was fashioned, realizing that truth never changes. While it is called old or old-fashioned it has prevailed through the centuries, yet it is ever new. Truth is eternal.

He was a college boy who very early in his career was called to his eternal Home. An accident snuffed out his life very suddenly. He was a thoughtful boy, rather given to meditation and writing. His diary and other writings were later published in book form for the benefit of young people. He decried some of the new-fangled ideas of youth and habits that he felt were anything but proper. Virtue to him was precious even though he might be called prudish by some. Uprightness of conduct appealed to him, everything shady being avoided. The yardstick by which he measured his life was the Master's own! What a life of youth's very own age and experience to emulate! An old-fashioned boy!

In a popular questionnaire column in the press a young man desired to know—in substance—if there were any old-fashioned girls now. In answering, the writer said you could not expect to find any such in places which are "loud" or "common". If he wanted to find a good girl, he must go where good girls are to be found. The really good girl is old-fashioned in that she countenances in no way that which is evil or may lead to evil. The aforesaid young man thought that all girls would engage in almost any excess, aping the follies of the so-called sterner sex, and perhaps going a bit further at times.

Of one thing we feel reasonably sure,—the rank and file of the Young Women's Missionary Society belong to what might be termed old-fashioned girls. Not that they dress out of date but they value "goodness, truth and beauty". Now fashion does not make the girl worthwhile nor does old fashion relegate her to uselessness. The important question is not—are you in the fashion? or are you out

of the fashion? but are you fashioned after the likeness of Him who knew no sin,—who "in all points was tempted like as we are yet without sin."

ONE SOCIETY MEETS

At the annual meeting of the Young Women's Circle of the Sixth Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, on March 10, ninety-seven girls attended the "Feast of Months". At such a gathering each girl sits at the table which represents the month in which she was born; for instance, all those whose birthdays come in July would sit at the table with the "fire-cracker" centerpiece and red, white and blue decorations. Or, in October, would find the table with "Hallowe'en" decorations and so on.

Each table was supplied with a birthday box into which each girl dropped a penny for every birthday. To those not divulging their ages, it was suggested that fifty cents or one dollar would suffice! The offering amounted to seventy dollars. As it was presented, the monthly groups enacted appropriate stunts. Mrs. Effie Gauger is the president for the incoming year. Should any questions be in your mind as to the program, you might secure information from the correspondent, Miss Sarah R. Davey, 1426 Sheffield St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bible Readings

511. John 12:48.
512. Deut. 30:14.
513. Psa. 119:103.
514. Psa. 119:127.
515. Psa. 119:105.
516. Psa. 119:148.
517. 2 Chron. 34:21.
518. Haggai 2:7.
519. Zech. 3:8; 6:12.
520. Gen. 3:15.
521. Which prophet foretells how the King—Jesus—should enter Jerusalem?
522. Where does Jesus speak of Himself as the Good Shepherd?
523. From what part of Judea did Jesus ascend to heaven?
524. What did the angels say to the disciples of Jesus when they saw Him ascending?
525. By which three prophets (Old Testament) are the living waters spoken of?
526. Where in the New Testament prophecy is the water of life spoken of?
527. In which Old Testament prophecy does God promise the pouring out of the spirit of grace on David; also, a prediction of looking upon the one pierced?
528. What office did Nehemiah hold with the king of Persia?
529. What means did Nehemiah adopt to gain permission to go back to Jerusalem to help to rebuild the temple?
530. Where is God spoken of as a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart"?

Life Members

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS

$25.00 each.

(1931 concluded)

376. Rev. G. E. Carnahan, St. Charles. Ia. By his family.
377. In memory of C. J. Young, by his wife, Laura M. Young, St. Charles, Iowa.

From March 1, 1932 to April 1, 1932

1. Mrs. George W. Beaumont, Providence, R. I.

Foreign Missions

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary,
Columbia Hospital, Penn and West Sts., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

INDIA

A letter from a friend of the family conveys the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. William Spencer of Duncanville, Illinois, on March 29, 1932. He was the father of our beloved Miss Kate Spencer of India. It will be a sad shock for Miss Spencer to get this word since she was confidently expecting to see her father and mother when she came home this summer. The tenderest sympathies of her friends go out to her and her beloved mother who is not in very good health. One by one the Lord calls His people home to be with Himself and never makes any mistakes.

Mrs. Chambers and Miss Elizabeth McConnell reached India in good condition and were eagerly met at Lahore by Dr. Chambers, and all along the way the missionaries were down at the station to welcome them as they passed through. What a happy time Dr. and Mrs. Chambers will have in re-establishing their home once more!

Miss Hartig was to arrive in India about March 20th so we presume long before this reaches your hands she will be busy at work in the Jhelum hospital. She will be a great accession to our medical force with the wonderful training and experience she has had along the line of obstetrics.

With four hospitals and only two doctors in the field we are doing our best and praying the Lord to send us competent nurses and doctors to take charge of the important medical work.

There will be quite a depletion in the ranks of our missionaries in India this Spring. The Misses Boyd, Spencer, Cash, and Dr. Reed planned to sail March 20th and expect to take in the Holy Land on their way home. Dr. Reed will then break away to spend a couple of months with her father in Egypt. As she hopes to brush up some medically in Europe later she will hardly reach New York until early Fall. Five others—the Moore sisters and the Misses Anderson, Stauffer, and Lincoln were arranging to sail April 2nd. Imagine what it means for those who are left behind when nine experienced, trained workers go on furlough, as is perfectly proper.

We deeply regret to report that the health of Miss Frances Lincoln is of such a character that she has been ordered home in advance of her furlough period. She has had stomach trouble for years, which was always attributed to malaria, but some weeks ago she had a stomach hemorrhage. She went at once to Lahore for X-ray examination. As that showed a duodenal ulcer the doctors thought she could be better taken care of in America than in India. She is such a reliable and valuable worker that her place will be hard to fill. We entreat your prayers for her speedy recovery to normal health.

Miss Martin is still in Taxila hospital recovering from the attack of illness from which she has suffered since Annual Meeting. She, too, is such a valuable worker that we hardly know how to get along without her. Pray for her speedy restoration also.

EGYPT

On March 30th the Lord called another veteran from service to reward —Miss Margaret A. Smith. After serving for more than fifty years in Egypt she was lovingly cared for by her sister in California so spent her last days surrounded by members of her immediate family. Imagine the welcome she will receive from the souls to whom she broke the Bread of Life. Her friends in Egypt included all classes and conditions of men and the native pastors particularly went to her to talk over their difficulties and their blessings. She

began her work in Egypt in October 1872 and labored continuously until the Spring of 1931 when it seemed best for her to come to America. For almost fifty-nine years she was an active missionary so we are sure she can claim the reward promised by Him Who said: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." We have but one missionary on our roll who has been longer in service than Miss Margaret Smith, namely Miss Anna Y. Thompson who began her work in Egypt one year earlier or in 1871. While she has been in the hospital in Cairo for some months she is still able to see her many friends who call on her and we are hoping that she may presently resume her visits in the homes in Egypt.

We are expecting Mrs. Coventry home in a week or two. She plans to come directly to Columbia Hospital, where our capable staff will do everything it can to restore her to normal health and strength.

SUDAN

Miss Soule was to leave Nasser March 21st for her furlough. It is too bad she was not able to occupy the new Miller home before leaving but she knows what it looks like and will have something pleasant to look forward to upon her return. Arranging for the care of her babies while she was gone was a problem but the other missionaries came to her help.

Miss Turk expects to leave the Sudan April 17th. She will stop in Europe to visit her parents and reach America later in the summer. She deserves a furlough because of her devoted, hard work.

ETHIOPIA

We have heard nothing new or unusual from Ethiopia lately so we are taking it for granted that everything is going along smoothly and harmoniously as usual. The George Memorial Hospital is full and every patient is taught the story of Jesus Christ.

We are glad to be able to note that our belove Magazine will be able to close the year with a balance to its credit. We hope the shower at the Convention this year will be double what it has been previously. Four times the number of women should be reading the Magazine and every effort should be made to enlist those who are not interested in the work of the missionary societies. Pray earnestly toward this end.

The writer thinks that this agitation for union is a greater cause for shortage in the missionary funds than the financial depression which is so wide-spread. Pray that the Lord may have His way in this important matter and whichever way His will decides that He may make us all willing for it.

We have not yet heard what the Easter offering brought in to the Boards of the Church but we are confidently expecting great increases in contributions.

PRAY

Pray that the Comforter may be an abiding guest in the homes where sorrow reigns. Pray that the health of missionaries may be restored and precious lives be spared if it be His will.

Pray for an outpouring of the Spirit upon the entire Church and especially upon the women of the Church that those who are at ease in Zion may awaken to the importance of the opportunities that are being offered them for enlistment in Kingdom work. Pray that the blessing may descend upon all the Boards of the Church and that every Board in some fashion may report to the Assembly without a deficit. Pray that the greatest revival in the history of the United Presbyterian Church may be ours this year and that countless souls may be brought into the Kingdom through faith in Jesus Christ.

Pray for a blessing upon all the plans for the General Assembly and for the W. G. M. S. Convention, that the Spirit Himself may indite the programs so that every item shall be for the edification of saints and the conversions of sinners.

Indian Department

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorne St., Sewickley, Pa.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

1. To Simnasho. After the church services a young couple went to Mrs. Matthews and told her they wanted to be married. (Because of Rev. Matthews' accident, Mrs. Matthews and Mr. Henry Stwyer had conducted the Sabbath service.) The pastor was propped up in bed with pillows, and the couple stood by his bed to have the "knot tied". The dining-room and the bed-room adjoining were filled with Indians. The bride was born and reared in Simnasho, and the groom was of the Blood Indian Reservation in Alberta, Canada, and was at one time a member of the Canadian Mounted Police.

This was the second wedding performed by Rev. Matthews during the month of February.

2. To Warm Springs. The happy couple here were employees of the Agency. They went to the Manse and were married by Rev. Arthur M. Petrie. Folk said it was the first white wedding they had ever known to be performed on the Agency.

To all these couples we give our best wishes and hope "they live happily ever afterwards".

HAS ANYONE AN ORGAN

that she would like to send to the chapel at Seekseequa? The chapel is about nine miles from Warm Springs, and the services are held there twice a month. It is a cozy little chapel, and the services are very well attended by the Piute Indians but there is no instrument of any kind to help them in their singing.

Anyone wishing to contribute one for Seekseequa will please communicate with the Indian Secretary. A small portable one would be very gratefully received.

SIMNASHO, OREGON

Early in the morning on February 16, 1932, the saddle horse Rev. W. A. Matthews was riding ran off with him. After running and bucking for about half a mile, he stopped and when the Missionary got off he could not stand. It was almost two hours before an Indian came along and put him on his sled and brought him home. He was carried into the house, put to bed, and the doctor was called. In about four hours the doctor arrived from Warm Springs after having started at once upon hearing the news. Though no bones were broken, the patient could not even move for a whole week.

On the first day after the accident there were thirteen callers at the Manse, and they kept coming to call all the time that Rev. Matthews was kept in the house. One Indian brought him a bottle of liniment and another a dozen of oranges. Most of them did not have anything that they could bring to him, but he knew by their presence that they cared and wished they could help to relieve his pain.

These poor souls, who seem so persistently to harden their hearts against every entreaty made in behalf of Christ, showed such sympathy and tenderness for Rev. Matthews that his faith in them has been greatly stimulated during his affliction.

His prayer for them is (and we join him in it): "God help them to believe in Christ, to be as tender and sympathetic about Christ's sufferings for them as they have been about my bit of misfortune, giving to Him a tenderness and love proportionate to what He has suffered for them."

Rev. Matthews' many friends rejoice in his recovery and wish him many years of useful service.

Junior Department

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

The address of the Chairman of the Junior Exhibit of the Columbus Convention is, Mrs. J. L. Sharp, 125 W. 10th Ave., Columbus, Ohio. All packages for the Exhibit are to be sent to Mrs. Sharp at the above address. Please send your packages in time to be received by Mrs. Sharp not later than Monday, June 13. Every article should be plainly and securely marked with the name and address of the society sending the same. This is a great help to the Exhibit Committee in keeping the record of the exhibits. The missionaries also like to know to whom they are indebted for the articles received. In order that the different schools and hospitals may received a fair distribution, undesignated articles are preferred.

The following interesting report of the Annual Dinner Meeting of the Philadelphia Junior Workers' Association was sent to us by Mrs. W. H. Corson, Junior Secretary of Philadelphia Presbyterial. Mrs. Corson says of the meeting "The general opinion of those who attended was, 'This is the best yet.' Thirteen of our twenty societies in Philadelphia Presbytery is a very good representation, when you consider that four of our churches are out of the city, one in Wilmington, Delaware, two in Baltimore and one in Washington."

SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET

of the Junior Workers' Association of Philadelphia Presbyterial

The Second Annual Banquet of the Junior Workers' Association of Philadelphia Presbyterial was held at the Wynnefield U. P. Church, 54th and Woodcrest Avenue, on Tuesday evening, March 22, 1932, at 6:45 p.m.

After singing and prayer we were served by the ladies of Wynnefield U. P. Church. While the dinner was being served, we sang familiar songs from "Song Sheets" provided at each place. This part of the program was in charge of Mrs. Emma Macool with Miss Newlands at the piano.

After the dinner we resumed our program for the evening, which was in charge of our President, Mrs. Charles McGowan. We were entertained in song by Mrs. Emma Macool, who sang "I am sure I shall not pass this way", and "Let the Lower Lights be Burning".

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Charles McGowan; Vice President, Miss Elsie Robinson; Secretary, Miss Mary C. Muller, Treasurer, Miss Mary E. Ross.

Thirteen churches were represented with an attendance of thirty-two.

Mrs. Patterson, President of the Philadelphia Presbyterial, made a short address on the theme "Childhood Impressions", stating that she would never forget the training she received at her mother's knee. This training has been most helpful to her all through the years of her life. As a family they gathered around the table with their parents, and were taught the scriptures. Juniors in the church were unheard of sixty years ago. She was twenty-one years old before she ever led a meeting or prayed in public and was very timid. Today at our Junior Rallies, the Juniors take entire charge of the service, which is inspiring and encouraging and gives them confidence and trains them for leadership in the work. Mrs. Patterson said that at the Junior Rally held last October she was thrilled to hear a hymn which she had not heard since her mother taught it to her; it brought back tender memories as she listened to the words "Around the Throne of God in Heaven", and she said it seems today the mothers do not have time or will not take the time to teach their children the love of Jesus, and so we

have to depend upon the Sabbath School and Junior Departments and what blessings children receive from these departments: hundreds of them would otherwise probably never hear of the gospel of Christ. "Impressions made in our Junior Societies will be most *Lasting*."

We had the pleasure of having our Junior Secretary, Mrs. W. Harry Corson, present the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Greer, who has been interested in Junior work for many years and is a member of the Church of the Covenanters.

There were four different points that she brought to us, namely:

That we must be interested in the children individually.

We must know our subjects, for many times the children ask questions and if we do not know the subject ourselves we are unable to intelligently answer same.

Use only worthwhile material. We certainly should teach our children to sit down and read good practical reading. They are living at the "peak of time", with many problems to meet. Build a strong foundation so that they will be able to withstand the perplexities that come along in life.

Teach by objects or by the blackboard. Many lessons are being taught by use of pictures in Universities and Colleges. Business houses use pictures for different products—billboards along the roadside in bright colors. If the schools and business houses agree that by object is the best way, why do we not adopt these methods more? Present the truth in the best way and it will drive home the truth. For example: Use a flashlight to illustrate the Golden Text and apply the following Bible verse: "Thy Word is a Lamp unto My Feet and a Light unto My Path". This verse will teach us where to go and the flashlight helps us to remember the verse.

Objects: Use a large board with hooks and hang the following objects on them and apply Bible verses.

1. Toy lamp. Psalm 119:105.
2. Flowers and Birds. Song of Sol. 2:11-12.
3. Star—I am the Bright Morning Star. Rev. 22:16.
4. Heart—Thy Word have I hid in my heart.
5. Golden Rule. Mat. 7:12.
6. Bread—I am the Bread of Life.
7. Bottle of Water—If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.
8. Bag of Salt or Salt Shaker—Ye are the salt of the earth.
9. Vine—I am the Vine.
10. Candle—Ye are the light of the world.
11. Lamp—I am the good shepherd.

Missionary Lessons: *Cardboard* with various scenes from other lands. Persons dressed in native costumes describe the mission lands and missionaries stationed there, thereby becoming acquainted with the work entrusted to our care.

Picture of Automobile: Have picture twice the size of a picture in a magazine and apply the following verses—marking them thereon:

Water—John 4-14.
Oil—Psalm 45-7.
Gas—Eph. 5-18.
Headlight—Psalm 119-195.
Taillight—Mat. 5-16.
Windshield—Psalm 84-1.
Top—Psalm 121-6.
License Tag—Mat. 28:19-20.
Springs—Job 6-10.
Wheel—Hebrew 11-1.
Steering Wheel—Psalm 32-8
(Jesus our Pilot)

Ladder Object: Two piece ladder—Put boy on the top and he falls to the bottom which represents temptation. Then place a cross in the center and when he comes to the center he is stopped, which means that Christ can save us if we will let him come into our lives.

These objects can be obtained from Alexander and Company, 1523 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A parable sermon of the lead pencil was also demonstrated, which was

very interesting—outside of pencil representing our body—the lead our soul—the words on the pencil the mark of Christ on our life.

In closing, Mrs. Greer read a poem entitled "My Opportunity".

The room and decorations were beautiful—pink and white being the colors. Next year "take a peep in at us" and "sup" with us, for once you come. you will want to be with us always.

Mary C. Muller,
Sec'y Junior Workers' Ass'n.

Dear Junior Leaders:

So many of you have asked me for a list of things for children "over there". I am sending you this list. I think it will serve for the children in Egypt, Sudan and Ethiopia as well as India.

Your friend,
Kate A. Hill.

FOR CHILDREN "OVER THERE"

Picture post cards, well pasted together, back to back. Old Sabbath School Rolls. Scrap books. (Bright colored pictures are much enjoyed). Pictures: Colored pictures, Perry Pictures, Bible pictures are highly prized. Lead pencils, pens and holders. Pads of writing paper. Envelopes. Erasers for black boards or paper. Rubber balls. Penknives. Tops. Marbles, 3-4 to 1 in. in diameter. Dolls. (Preferably smaller ones and substantial.) Toys. Not bulky ones or old ones unless in good condition. Simple games. Checkers, dominoes, etc., that do not require a knowledge of English. Sewing bags. Use strong material. Thread. Needles, pins, safety pins, emery balls. Scissors. Mirrors. Combs. Soap. Christmas bells and paper decoration for church or school or home. Colored tissue and crepe paper. Ribbon and colored string. Pretty boxes. Pencil boxes. Calendars for the current year. Pieces of strong cotton cloth. Victrola records. Salt and pepper shakers, hammers, spoons, soap dishes, etc., from ten cent store.

Temperance and Reform

MRS. HARRIET S. BOOBYER, Secretary, 1470 Alabama Ave., S. Hills Br., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE CHURCH AND PROHIBITION

S. Edgar Nicholson
Chairman Friends Board on Prohibition and Moral Reform

(A Reprint from The Union Signal)

"The attitude of the Church on this question should be determined by two fundamental factors: (1) The nature and purpose of the prohibition issue; and (2) the character of the realm in which its solution must be determined.

"(1) Is the traffic in intoxicating beverages a good thing, an asset or a liability, a virtue or a sin, a help or a hindrance to the spiritual life or the best welfare of the nation, of any state, of any community, of any home, of the Church itself? All too many people have been confused in regarding the liquor problem as a question of habit, to be solved by the adoption and practice of total abstinence principles or by a refusal to become intoxicated. There are others who regard religion solely as a matter of salvation, and who fail to understand the extent to which social evils like the liquor traffic re-inforce the power of sin in individual life. . . . . .

"The Church is on trial today, not for its theology half so much as for its attitude toward those questions of social behavior which are so directly reflected in individual life. The Church must make it clear in unmistakable terms that it stands for a religion that can be applied to the farthest reach in which evil has taken possession of the human order. To

do less is to set a limit on its own faith and purpose. The liquor traffic —both in the manner of its operation and in the contributions that it has made to the use of its products—had always been a chief sinner against man's highest and holiest relationships, and has left behind a trail of ruin, shame, and debauchery in every land. Whatever else religion stands for in the way of moral transformation and righteous living, it is incomprehensible that it should not devote itself to the problem of the liquor traffic as such.

"(2) Is the realm in which the solution of the liquor problem must evidently be determined of such a nature as to debar the Church as a religious agency from active participation therein? The traffic in intoxicating beverages was a creation of the law, first by rule of common consent, then later, as the evils multiplied, by virtue of licenses granted by some governmental authority. Either the traffic had to go on or the laws authorizing it had to be changed or withdrawn. From time to time there were changes in abundance, in hopes that regulations and control would lessen or cure the wrongs. But evils multiplied until after a century and more of solid thinking and planning, the people by overwhelming action determined to withdraw their authorization of the agency producing these evils.

"Menacing groups are now set upon the repeal of prohibition. What is the church to do about it? Are ecclesiastical forms so sacred and binding that evil must be given right of way, while the Church looks on hopelessly and helplessly? . . . In an emergency like that which now confronts the United States, is the Church which has assumed the right to be the sponsor and advocate of spiritual righteousness in the world, to stand aside, wrap its ecclesiastical coat about itself and say in effect to the liquor contingent: 'You have taken the prohibition issue into a realm where we are forbidden to go. take it and do with it as you will. We will endeavor to salvage some of the victims from the inevitable wreckage.'

"The attitude of the general public, including no small part of the Church membership both cleric and laic, would be greatly simplified by learning to differentiate between 'partisanship' and 'politics'. Plainly ecclesiasticism and partisan politics are not compatible. . . . Many issues possess no direct moral status and affect spiritual life little if at all. Evidently the Church as such has no function to perform here. In the writer's opinion, however, no religious body can ignore its plain obligations to any human problem that greatly affects private or public morals, and consequently man's spiritual life, even though the operations carry it into the realm of politics. It is a crime against the highest and best in human society to permit the advocates of the liquor traffic to drag the determination of the prohibition issue into a field from which the Church is to be barred. Religion has the first right to be heard in any forum that concerns the moral and spiritual betterment of mankind."

New leaflets—"Referendum? How Shall We Submit Prohibition To The People?"

WHY ARE WE WET?

This book recommended by temperance leaders is filled with information that every Christian woman should have. Arguments for appeal and nullification and return of beer are ably answered. Send orders to Mrs. Fannie Moore, 266 N. Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio. 50 cents a copy.

Literature Department

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary
904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A WORD TO CONVENTION DELEGATES

The responsibilities of a delegate are many and varied. Among these is her obligation to take back helpful suggestions to Presbyterial officers. Not the least of these responsibilities is to spend some time at the **Literature Sales Table** and try to become familiar, in some measure at least, with the resources of the Literature Department, and be able to take back suggestions to the Presbyterial Literature Secretary that will be helpful to her in her work.

Be prepared to ask questions of the General Secretary, who can be found at the sales table at all times except meal times and during the sessions of the Convention. Also be prepared to take home some leaflets that will be helpful in the programs of the coming year, and take helpful suggestions to your own local Literature Secretary.

There will be leaflets at the Literature table for all departments of the society work. There will be mission study books for sale and helps for mission study classes and program meetings. There will be pageants and other helps for making your missionary society meetings interesting and profitable. Come early to the table and come often. "Ye never can ill-come, but always are welcome."

HOME MISSION STUDY FOR 1932-1933

We are promised the new home mission text book, **"Facing the Future in Indian Missions"**, sometime in May. It is 60 cents in paper, $1.00 in cloth. We will file orders received and fill them when the books are available. The **Leaders Manual** will be ready in June. It is 25 cents.

The Junior home text book, **"Many Moons Ago and Now"**, is 75 cents in paper. It contains stories, lesson plans, and suggestions for activities.

Announcement will be made later on of picture sheets, maps, and pageants for the home mission studies.

FOREIGN STUDY FOR 1932-1933

"Rainbow Empire" is promised for May. It is 70 cents per single copy. For special price offer, see April Magazine.

Try to place a copy of this book in every United Presbyterian home. It gives a very interesting picture of the country and people of this, our newest foreign mission field, Ethiopia.

There should be a "School of Missions" for the study of this book in every congregation of our Church. Make plans for this study and invite the men of the congregation to join the "school". Interest your pastor in this study and secure his services as leader of the adult class. The "How to Use", will give plans for presenting the text in six lessons.

Not many of us will ever see Ethiopia with our own eyes. Let us plan to see it in this book through Dr. Bergsma's eyes, by making an intensive study of **Rainbow Empire.**

Items of interest about Ethiopia appear frequently in the Church papers, in the secular papers and in magazines. Cut these out and make a **scrap-book** on Ethiopia to use for reference during this study. Follow the same plan for your study of the North American Indian. It will add interest and zest to the home mission programs on the Indians which come later on in the year.

The Junior foreign text book is "The Up Trail". It is 40 cents per copy. The **"How to Use"** is 15 cents per copy. Tickets for "The Up Trail" Trip are 1 cent per strip.

PROGRAM LEAFLETS FOR MAY

The Beginning of the Girls' Boarding School, Sialkot. 5 cents.
Mission Miss Sahiba in School. 2 cents.
Boota, Son of Jiwan. 3 cents.
Three Knocks in the Night. 2 cents.
When Death Comes in India. 2 cents.
I Wish You Were a Doctor. 2 cents.
The Claims of Suffering. 3 cents.
Mission Miss Sahiba in Hospital. 2 cents.
Companions in Her Vilages. 3 cents.
Zenana Work in India. 3 cents.
Mission Miss Sahiba in Zenana. 2 cents.
Padri Abdul Haqq. 3 cents.
Camping Season. 2 cents.
Training Home Makers. 3 cents.
Sacrificial Giving. 2 cents.

WINONA SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONS

Winona Lake, Indiana, June 22-28, 1932

Winona Summer School of Missions is an interdenominational school held each year for women and young women.

Courses offered will include Bible, Normal and Study Classes in Home and Foreign Text Books.

Special programs have been arranged for evenings and Sundays.

For information write to:

Mrs. J. F. Vande Roovaart, 208 E. 113 St., Chicago, Ill.

Tributes

MRS. FRANKLIN A. COLLINS

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee", might well have been the summons which came to Mrs. Franklin A. Collins, wife of the Pastor of the churches at Ryegate and East Ryegate, Vt., when on February 11, as morning came to light the eastern sky her spirit slipped away to meet her Master and the dear children, Esther, Franklin and Mary who had so long waited her coming. For over a year she had known that her days were numbered, yet in no way did that lessen her interest in any of the church activities.

As a leader of the Juniors, she excelled. Near the closing days of her life, the children met with her at the Parsonage. The children will long remember the happiness and zest with which she entered into the spirit of the meeting.

She was keenly alive to all missionary activities, either at home or abroad; her last contribution going as a Christmas gift to a mission station in Ethiopia.

As long as her health permitted she taught a Sabbath School class at East Ryegate and attended the Y. P. C. U. of both churches.

Her zeal in the Master's service, her hospitality and generosity were strong traits of her character. She endeared herself to many through her kindness to the motherless and lonely, as she invited them to her home, sharing with them anything she had; her flowers, her garden, her table, her time and if need be her money.

Mrs. Collins has left a vacancy that can be filled only in memory.

The Women's Missionary Society of which she was an active and efficient member, desires to pay a loving tribute to her memory and extend to her husband; Rev. Franklin A. Collins, and daughter Ruth, (Mrs. Herbert Shulz) its deepest sympathy.

Mrs. C. A. McKirahan,
Mrs. W. H. Nelson.

MRS. MARY BORLAND FARRAR

Mrs. Mary Borland Farrar, a member of the United Presbyterian church of Hickory, died December 31, 1931.

Her husband, Mr. Simington Farrar died some years ago.

Mrs. Farrar was born June 3, 1847, and early in life became a member of the Mt. Lebanon church. She was gifted with unusual mental ability, and possessed a staunch faith in her God, which so influenced her life that she became an inspiration to her many friends.

She waited with joy for the summons to go home.

Committee of W. M. S.

MRS. FRANKLIN A. COLLINS

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of East Ryegate, wishes to pay a loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Letha Dickey Collins, wife of our pastor, Rev. F. A. Collins, who was called to her heavenly home February 11, 1932.

She was a member of our missionary society, and as long as her health permitted, was a wonderful help and inspiration to the work of our society.

It was a great pleasure that she was able to be with us, and attend our meeting on November 19, 1931, and we shall always miss her warm greeting and cheery smile. We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the husband and daughter and we commend them to the Saviour Whom she loved and served.

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the family and a copy be sent to **The Womens Missionary Magazine** and that a copy be made on our records.

Mrs. May B. Lackie,
Mrs. Mary W. Willis,
Mrs. Laura W. Devins.

MISS MYRTLE LACKEY

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Jamestown, Ohio, wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Miss Myrtle Lackey, who was called to her heavenly home, March 16, 1932.

For several years Miss Lackey was Junior Superintendent of Xenia Presbyterial, and also Superintendent of the local organization. She loved children and taught in the Primary Department of the Sabbath School. She had a record of faithful attendance, having missed but one day in eleven years.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the All-wise God to remove from our midst our dear friend and co-worker, who for many years was identified with God's work in which she was a willing and efficient worker,

Resolved, That in her passing we have lost one of our most faithful members. We shall always cherish the memory of her lovely character. Her life of loyal service for the Master will be felt in the years to come. Although we feel chastened and bereaved, we bow obediently to the will of the heavenly Father Who knoweth best and doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our loving sympathy that they may have knowledge that we share their loss. We commend them to the God Who alone can give consolation and in Whom we trust.

Miss Margaret Gilchrist,
Mrs. Fred L. Nelson.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924 .....Sialkot City
Miss Helen Artman, 1920 .....Sialkot City
Miss Katherine Beattie, 1920 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Minnie Beatty, 1912 .....Abbottabad
Miss Roma Beatty, 1909, Badomali, Sialkot District
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918 .....Sialkot
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931 .....Gujranwala
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1928 .....Sargodha
Miss Theresa Brownlee, 1922 .....Sialkot City
Miss Lois M. Buchanan, 1910 .....Sialkot
Miss Marie E. Cash, R. N., 1926 .....Jhelum
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 .....Jhelum
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 .....Campbellpur
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 .....Pathankot
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1904 .....Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R. N., 1924 .....Jhelum
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 .....Pasrur
Miss Zarra S. Hoon, 1921 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Janette Howland, 1921 .....Jhelum
Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger, 1921 .....Silakot City
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 .....Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 .....Pasrur
Miss Olive Laing, 1912 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Sara Jane Lamont, 1928 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Mary A. Lawrence, 1893 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Mary F. Lincoln, R. N., 1920 .....Sialkot
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 .....Gujranwala
Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, 1909 .....Pathankot
Rev. Robert Maxwell, Abbottabad
Miss Elizabeth McCahon, 1875 .....Sialkot
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R. N., 1931 ....
.....Gujranwala
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902 .....Lyallpur
Miss Rosa McCullough, 1879 .....Gujranwala
Miss Jean Morrison, 1895 .....Rawalpindi
Miss Mary R. Martin, 1890 .....Shiekhupura
Miss Sara A. Moore, 1917 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 .....Campbellpur
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930 .....Pathankot
Miss Willa Ramsey, 1921 .....Pathankot
Dr. Faith W. Reed, 1926 .....Sialkot City
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 .....Jhelum
Miss Louise Scott, 1916 .....Gujranwala
Miss Rose Shereda, 1928 .....Lyallpur
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918 .....Sargodha
Miss Emma M. Stauffer, R. N., 1925 .....
.....Bhera, Sargoda District
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 .....Gurdaspur
Miss Edna Ward, 1923 .....Sargodha, Punjab
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 .....Pasrur
Miss Georgia Wengert, 1920 .....Zafarwal
Dr. Maria White, 1886 .....Pasrur
Miss Dora B. Whitely, 1911 .....Pasrur

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 .....
1657 Potomac Ave., S. H. Br. Pitts. Pa.
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 .....Marissa, Ill.
Miss Henrietta Cowden, 1905, ...Quaker City, Ohio
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 .....Eldora, Iowa
Miss Maude M. Miller, 1925 .....
Electric Ave. and 6th St., Lewistown, Pa.
Miss Henrietta Moore, 1898 .....
.....R. D. 2, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Dr. J. P. Simpson, 1902 .....Radford, Va.

HONORARY MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884 .....
.....606 Baltimore Ave., Waterloo, Iowa

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 .....Cairo
Miss Margaret Bell, 1901 .....Fayoum
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905 .....Assiut
Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922 .....Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 .....Minia
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 .....Cairo
Miss Davida Finney, 1914 .....Assiut
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 .....Tanta
Miss Elsie French, 1909 .....Zagazig
Miss Martha Glass, 1921 .....Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 .....Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924 .....Minia
Miss Rena Hogg, 1899 .....Assiut
Miss May Holland, R. N., 1913 .....Benha
Miss Elizabeth Kelsey, 1928 .....Alexandria
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 .....Benha
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 .....Mansoura
Miss Ruth McCleery, 1931 .....Cairo
Miss Lillian McClellan, 1923 .....Cairo
Miss May E. McFarland, 1919 .....Cairo
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906 .....Tanta
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 .....Cairo
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901 .....Cairo
Miss Dora Mason, 1918 .....Assiut
Miss Sara B. Meloy, 1923 .....Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 .....Beni Suef
Miss Marion Paden, 1920 .....Zagazig
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 .....Luxor
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922 .....Mansoura
Miss Estella Robertson, 1922 .....Cairo
Miss Edna B. Sherriff, 1920 .....Alexandria
Miss Isabel Simpson, 1931 .....Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 .....Benha
Miss Anna Y. Thompson, 1871 .....Cairo
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 .....Assiut
Miss Helen May Walker, 1930 .....Cairo
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 .....Luxor
Miss Ethel Weed, 1919 .....Alexandria
Miss Elizabeth S. White, 1924 .....Alexandria
Miss Ruth Mary Williamson, 1924 .....Tanta
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 .....Beni Suef
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924 .....Fayoum
Miss Ruth Work, 1904 .....Assiut
Miss Laura Wright, 1921 .....Tanta

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909 .....New Market, Iowa
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1918.... Americus, Kansas
Miss Gudrun C. Estvad, 1925, 9 Lathrop St.,
.....Madison, Wis.
Miss Alta G. French, 1925 .....Goldfield, Iowa
Miss Alfretta M. Hammond, 1904 .....
.....State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Jeannette L. McCrory, 1916, Sterling, Kansas
Mrs. Rachel Tracy Selver, 1925, 133 S. Rex-
.....ford Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Miss Jane C. Smith, R. N., 1922 .....
.....438 N. Market St., Ligonier, Pa.
Miss M. Frances Tait, 1925 ....R. D. 5, Mercer, Pa.
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1913 .....
.....Salem Street, Greenwich, N. Y.

SUDAN

Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919 .....Khartum North
Miss Una Cole, 1918 .....Omdurman
Miss Esther Minta Ganter, 1928 ....Khartum North
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 .....Khartum North
Miss Ray Huffman, R. N., 1924 .....Nasser
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1919 .....Omdurman
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 ....Khartum North
Miss Ruth M. Parks, 1930 .....Cairo
.....c-o American University, Cairo
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 .....
.....c-o American University, Cairo
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R. N., 1921 .....Nasser
Miss Frances Turk, R. N., 1921 .....Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926, Olathe, Kans.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Edith C. Anderson, R. N., 1929 ..Addis Ababa
Miss Dora B. Arveson, R. N., 1930 ....Addis Ababa
Mrs. Agnes H. W. Bancroft, R. N., 1929
.....Addis Ababa
Miss Viola M. Bayne, R. N., 1924 .....Gore
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 .....Sayo
Miss Mildred Kiemele, 1929 .....Addis Ababa
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, R. N., 1924 .....Sayo
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923 .....Gore
Miss Florence D. White, 1923 .....Addis Ababa

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INDIAN MISSIONS

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Rev. Arthur Petrie .....Warm Springs, Ore.
Rev. W. A. Matthews .....Simnasho, Ore.

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Miss Gretta Ohman, ...R. D. 3, McDonald, Pa.
Mrs. Frank Lieske, (Aliens) .....Langeloth, Pa.
Mrs. Mary Ciancio, (Italians) 7609 Tioga St., ...Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Ella Montgomery, Route 4, Mansfield, Ohio
Mrs. Jennie G. Nicol, 7501 S. Normandie Ave., ...Los Angeles, Calif.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey, 415 East Dewey Place, ...San Antonio, Texas
Miss Mildred Robb, 1345 Ocean Ave., ...San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. Alice M. Maxon, 531 Couch St., ...Portland, Ore.
Miss Margaret Heazlett, 1135 Hiland Ave., ...Coraopolis, Pa.
Mrs. J. C. Alter, 438 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y.
Miss Josephine J. Zucchi, 12 Sixth Street, ...East Providence, R. I.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

Prof. M. H. McDowell, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Prof. Frank Wiley .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Prof. E. M. Bailey, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth L. Courter, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen Wright, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Grace Finney, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Lou Berryhill, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Genevera Jamieson, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Martha Baird, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Albert S. Work, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Dr. Esther Mitchell, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Edna Sutton, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Caroline Pollock, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mae Beveridge .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Margaret Beveridge, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Thelma Porter, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Rev. Ray M. Davis, ...Ezel, Ky.
Mrs. Ray M. Davis, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Edna May Eastwood, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lillabel Towle, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Etheldean Ferguson, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Kate D. Seaman, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth M. Bemis, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Alice M. Childs, ...Ezel, Ky.
Miss Hazel A. Birnbach, ...Ezel, Ky.

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Mrs. B. B. Groves, ...Arlington, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams, ...Arlington, Ala.
Miss Mezilla P. Horn, ...Arlington, Ala.
Miss M. E. Burton, ...Arlington, Ala.
Mrs. A. D. Michael, ...Arlington, Ala.
Rev. W. G. Wilson, ...Camden, Ala.
Alphonso W. Young, ...Camden, Ala.
Lorenza E. Poe, ...Camden, Ala.
Walter H. Anglin, ...Camden, Ala.
Miss Annie Blevins, ...Camden, Ala.
Miss Lenora L. Starkey, ...Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Amanda Freeman, ...Camden, Ala.
Miss Evelyn Haygood, ...Camden, Ala.
Mrs. S. P. Marsh, ...Camden, Ala.
Mrs. Eunice Young, ...Camden, Ala.
Miss Mamie Smith, ...Camden, Ala.
Miss Lucy Woodward, ...Camden, Ala.
Mrs. M. B. Waters, ...Camden, Ala.
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Miss Minnie A. Nunn, ...Canton Bend, Ala.
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Mrs. Fanny Jones, ...Chase City, Va.
Mrs. Luella Tidball, ...Chase City, Va.
Mrs. Della Seright, ...Chase City, Va.
Mrs. Lavinia Gaines, ...Chase City, Va.
C. L. Blackwell, ...Chase City, Va.
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Mrs. L. M. Smith, ...Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. F. Q. Parker, ...Miller's Ferry, Ala.
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Miss J. A. Warren, ...Henderson, N. C.
Miss Emma Ford, ...Henderson, N. C.
Mrs. Della Reddick, ...Henderson, N. C.
Mrs. Mattie Ellis, ...Henderson, N. C.
Mrs. J. H. Tarter, ...Henderson, N. C.
Wm. Peters, ...Prairie, Ala.
James Rivers .....Prairie, Ala.
Miss Hope Edwards, ...Prairie, Ala.
Miss Etta Blevins, ...Prairie, Ala.
Miss Elizabeth Bradford, ...Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Etolla Peters, ...Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. Estella Perkins, ...Prairie, Ala.
Miss Mattie King, ...Prairie, Ala.
Anna Rutherford, ...Knoxville, Tenn.
Jennie Robertson, ...Knoxville, Tenn.
Myrta McVey, ...Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Sophia Johnson, ...Knoxville, Tenn.
Bertha Lash, ...Knoxville, Tenn.
Eva Grove, ...Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss M. Rogers, ...Townsville, N. C.

Donations of Clothing needed at Arlington, Camden, Canton Bend, Miller's Ferry, and Prairie. New materials and Christmas boxes are gratefully received at all stations. Remember to prepay freight and put name of society and place inside of box. Address contributions as follows:

Arlington, Ala.—Post Office address, Annemanie Alabama. Shipping point, Arlington, Ala.

Camden—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Alabama.

Canton Bend—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Alabama.

Miller's Ferry—C. S. Simpson, Post Office, Miller's Ferry, Alabama. Shipping point, Camden, Ala. Mark for Miller's Ferry, Alabama.

Prairie—Prof. William Peters, Post Office address, Prairie, Alabama. Shipping point, Catherine, Alabama. Mark for Prairie Mission.

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A Little Time Apart

TUESDAY 10 A. M.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile"

O Children! Hither do ye come,
And unto Me give ear,
I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear.
(Ps. 34) No. 79, Bible Songs No. 4.

A member of our Glen Echo Church, Mrs. Marie Vandergrift, has kindly granted us the use of the following lovely poem about the child Jesus:

"Only a baby!
We prayed for a king,"
The multitude turned away,
Sorrowing.

They sought princely wealth
And saw but a dove;
They looked for bright gold,
He gave them his love.

Some would have crowned him
With rubies blood red.
He chose a chaplet
Of thorns instead.

None could foretell that
His coming would bring
Each heart a kingdom,
Each babe a king!

"I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through the ages long
Were collected and inspected
They would make a wondrous throng.
Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages, of all ages
That our planet ever knew;
Little princes and princesses
Little beggars wan and faint
Some in very handsome dresses
And some, bedaubed with paint."

"O God, the city groaneth at my feet!
I look on crowded thousands faint with woe;
Have I no help for them? no message meet?
Teach me that I may know."

"I see the little children everywhere,
Wan little children, old when life is new,
Poor, friendless fledgelings where the woods are bare,
Flowers, where there falls no dew."

"Little children, love one another". "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." "And he (Jesus) took them (children) up in His arms put His hands on them and blessed them."

Now that the Bicentennial of George Washington's birthday is being celebrated, school children will be interested in this little poem I found in a very old picture book for children. Under a picture of George Washington standing beside a high-spirited-looking horse is this little verse.

"A life how useful to his country led!
How loved while living! how revered now dead.
Lisp! lisp his name, ye children yet unborn
And with like deeds your own great names adorn!"

Also these words:

"He was a great man, and good as he was great. In his earliest childhood he was remarkable for his love of truth, and through a long life of usefulness was never known to utter a falsehood. Let me beseech you to imitate so worthy an example! Whatever error you may commit, never attempt to conceal it by untruth."

Under another picture of Washington as a small boy, with a hatchet in his hand, as he is running to his father's outstretched arms, beside the fallen cherry tree, are these words: "When his father enquired who had cut down the young cherry tree, George candidly confessed it was himself. So instead of being punished for it George was tenderly embraced by his kind parent for thus manfully telling the Truth."

How can a little child be saved,
And know his sins forgiven?
And be assured that he will be
With Jesus, up in Heaven?

There's one, and only one sure way,
And that is by the Word,
For there we learn we must believe,
And own Him as our Lord.

He says to children, 'Come to me,
And I will give you rest;
I'll own you as my little lamb,
And fold you to my breast.

"Then trust me now with all your heart,
And let your life be given,
To show to others you are saved,
And on your way to Heaven."

—Messages of Love.

—Mrs. Hetty Graham Evans,
Reynoldsburg, Ohio.

OFFICERS OF CONVENTION AND LOCAL COMMITTEE

MISS KATE HILL
First Vice President

MRS. E. M. WALRATH
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MRS. JOHN E. BRADFORD
Second Vice President

LOCAL COMMITTEE

Seated, Left to right: Mrs. W. R. Collins, Secretary, Neil Ave. Church; Mrs. I. E. White, Chairman, First Church; Mrs. W. B. Shaw, Vice Chairman, Neil Ave. Church; Mrs. C. H. Seegar, Treasurer, Neil Ave. Church; Mrs. C. DeAngelis, Italian Mission.

Standing, Left to right: Mrs. R. A. Campbell, Glen Echo Church; Mrs. Hettie Evans, Reynoldsburg, Ohio; Mrs. C. J. Rankin, Neil Ave. Church; Mrs. Nell Graham, First Church; Mrs. Edward Welch, Reynoldsburg, Ohio.

Cuts furnished from Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund.